THE LIVING AGE

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THE LIVING AGE

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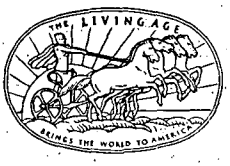

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE PLEASURES OF PREMIERSHIP

It may be doubted whether there was much concert or clear design in the manœuvring that overthrew the Labor Government. But the attack on the Ministry had been thickening for several weeks. Mr. MacDonald personally encountered criticism from both the Right and the Left. The Tories were jubilant over the disclosure that the Premier had received a life interest in a block of biscuit-company stock from a gentleman who was later knighted. The more radical Laborists were up in arms because he declared, in the preface to a new edition of his book on Socialism, that 'public doles, Popularism, strikes for increased wages, limitation of output, not only are not Socialism, but may mislead the spirit and the policy of the Socialist movement.' This caused the Secretary of the British Miner's Federation to declare in a public interview: 'Mr. MacDonald may be a good parliamentarian, but he knows very little about trade-unions. I have been a Socialist and Labor man all my life, and I am beginning to wonder what the Prime Minister, who claims to be a Socialist, really stands for.'

The Conservative *Saturday Review* was inclined to extenuate the Prime Minister's conduct in the biscuit-stock affair on the ground that it was palliated, if not entirely justified, by abundant precedent: —

> Mr. MacDonald is not the first and will not be the last statesman to receive a gift of money or money's worth from a friend or admirer. Hitherto the gifts have been made after death. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, left the elder Pitt £10,000 for his patriotism — that is, his attacks on Walpole, whom she hated for cause. Sir William Burton left him, when he had become Chatham, an estate in Somersetshire. Lord Rockingham directed his executors to cancel a bond of Burke's for £30,000. Mrs. Brydges Williams left Disraeli £40,000, and the Bentincks lent him £27,000 to help pay for Hughenden. Carnegie left Lord Morley and Mr. Lloyd George £2000 a year for life. We are disposed to hope that the glittering prizes attached to political success will not be made too frequent or too heavy, or men will stick at nothing to get into power, and swallow anything to remain there.

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But Mr. MacDonald's more aggressive opponents would have none of this. The *Outlook*, in an article entitled 'The Biscuit-Fed Daimler,' — which opened with the announcement, 'The Prime Minister has returned to London with his new motor-car; his friend Grant remains in Scotland with his still newer baronetcy,' — proceeded to tear to pieces Mr. MacDonald's apologies and to accuse him of inconsistency and insincerity: —

'Capital,' he wrote recently, 'violates our moral sense as well as our reason.' Now whatever else thirty thousand pounds may be, it is indisputably capital, and the Prime Minister seems therefore to have violated both his moral sense and his reason by accepting the favor from his friend. Possibly he regards the obligations as discharged; but now that he has become a substantial shareholder in a great industrial concern he should amend his phraseology, lest his associates as well as his opponents suspect him of hypocrisy. Perhaps capital only violates the moral sense when it is earned, and does not affront the reason when it is conveyed as a private gift.

The most serious issue that confronted the Labor Government was not the dismissal of a suit against a Communist editor, upon which it was actually overthrown, but the Russian Treaty. Mr. Asquith addressed an open letter to a Liberal correspondent on September 20 committing the Party, so far as he was competent to do so, to its rejection in Parliament. Lord Grey, Lloyd George, and other leaders had previously spoken in the same sense. After pointing out that the Liberals were not hostile to the present Government of Russia or indisposed to negotiate with it on equitable terms, Mr. Asquith condemned the provisions of the pending agreement in the following words: —

The vice of the vital part of the 'Draft Treaty' — the chapter of which the proposed British Loan is declared to be an integral and inseparable part — is that it settles nothing, leaves the whole future to the chapter of accidents, and provides no security that is worth the name either for the just treatment of British claims, or for any advance of British credit.

There is no reason to fear that British Liberals are about to enlist in an Anti-Bolshevist crusade. Their object in the matter is that our relations with Russia should be put upon businesslike lines, and secured by adequate safeguards — an object which cannot be attained by crude experiments in nursery diplomacy.

The Nation and the Athenæum, which has been more friendly toward the present régime in Russia than most 'bourgeois' organs, supported Mr. Asquith in his attitude and believed that most of the Ministers would have been glad to escape the corner in which the Treaty placed them. 'But it is evident that the Labor Party, under the illusion that the Treaty is an electoral "winner," is in no mood to allow them to clamber down.'

The Cabinet's defeat seems to have come at an inopportune time for all parties. The *Outlook*, in discussing that possibility shortly before the decisive vote, declared: —

Nobody wants an election just now. Politicians are naturally reluctant to incur the heavy expense of another appeal to the electorate within twelve months of the last, with the possibility of a similarly indecisive result; and apart from this, business men are convinced that, even taking into account the seasonal increase of unemployment figures, a revival of trade is at hand. They know by experience that an election tends to disturb trade.

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CHINA'S LATEST BLOODLETTING

WE shall print in our next issue paragraphs from the Shanghai press describing the fighting that has now continued more than a month in the

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immediate vicinity of that city. The personal grievances and rivalries that started the slaughter and that constitute the burden of complaint in the proclamations that Marshal Lu Yung-hsing, commanding the Chekiang forces in possession of Shanghai, and Marshal Chi Hsieh-yuan, commanding the Kiangsu troops attacking the city, addressed to their troops on the outbreak of hostilities, are of trifling interest to Western readers. But they would not have disturbed the peace of the country had it not been for the larger rivalry between Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin — with Sun Yat-sen playing second fiddle in the background — that has unsettled conditions in China for the past three years, and that has again brought on civil war between Peking and Mukden. Most significant of all, at least for Americans, is the general attention given to the respective attitudes of Washington and Tokyo toward the conflict. Erich von Salzmann, the veteran Peking correspondent of *Vossische Zeitung*, who presumably views tendencies in China from as nearly neutral a standpoint as any European, sees the situation thus: —

The danger lies in the attitude of Japan. To be sure, the ruling powers in that country profess to be convinced that — especially after the earthquake and the general economic bankruptcy of imperialist experiments throughout the world — they must relinquish their continental ambitions in Asia from this time forth. But people on the ground have little confidence in fair words spoken for the benefit of Paris, London, and Washington. Japan has billions invested in Manchuria and Korea which she must protect whether she will or no. This protection must be vigorous and effective, and must begin with pressure upon the Central Government of China. If Peking is too weak or apathetic to act with energy, logic compels Japan to appeal to the great satraps in the Provinces, particularly Chang Tso-lin. . . . Japan will defend her immense investments in Manchuria and Korea, if necessary by force of arms, even if all the other Powers pronounce themselves neutral at Peking. Japan will naturally improve such an opportunity to secure political and economic advantages for the future. Neither America nor Russia can tolerate that. . . . It seems to me that our interests lie in unconditional neutrality — that is, on the side of America.

The *Japan Times*, which is under Japanese management and editorial control, said in a leader, shortly before the present hostilities in China broke out, that Japan's policies ought not to be influenced by the alleged cooling of Chang Tso-lin's friendship for Japan — a loss compensated by the growing favor of General Wu Pei-fu.

Let him go back on Japan if he likes. It is a mistake to think that Japan owes her interests in provinces under his sway to Marshal Chang's friendship. A curious comment on the situation is that while Japan's hold on Marshal Chang is slackening, or is supposed to be, she is believed to be gaining favor with General Wu Pei-fu, a rival — indeed, the foe — of Marshal Chang.

The last remark moves us from north to middle China of the Yangtze Valley. Pessimists say that Japan is day by day losing her economic hold on the vast country washed by the Great River, as England and America are recovering their ground, which they lost during the Great War. More apprehensive still, it is said, China is making rapid progress in the production of her piece silks, for which she is opening new markets in America. However, Japan is still far ahead of China in the output of silks of finer quality. Be that as it may, one consolation to Japan is that the spirit of hostility to Japan is dying out in the interior of middle China, this being notably the case with General Wu Pei-fu, who is the master spirit in that part of China, as Marshal Chang Tso-lin is up in the north. It seems that General Wu is determined to get into the good graces of Japan, or at least to win her away from Marshal Chang.

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But Tokyo *Yorodzu* still distrusts the southern leader, and declares: —

We must keep a sharp watch over the relations between Marshal Wu Pei-fu and the United States. We do not say that, as Russian papers insist, the United States is undertaking a treacherous policy to disturb the peace of China, but it cannot be overlooked that America is trying a leap in the dark.

President Tsao Kun is a mere puppet. The President, in fact, is Marshal Wu Pei-fu, whose ambition is to destroy the influence of the Mukden clique and to subjugate Kwangtung in Southern China, thus bringing all China under his sway.

In violation of an arrangement reached among the Powers concerned, the United States has smuggled arms into China to supply them to Marshal Wu. France openly censured America for her infidelity, and the *Manchester Guardian* hinted at the same. In the event of Marshal Wu's victory, bringing all China under his influence, special favor will necessarily be accorded to the United States. Japan must be on guard against this possibility.

Japan's relations with China are vital; especially are those with Manchuria incomparably important. Japan ought to be self-dependent in maintaining her interest in China, and if occasion requires she must restrain the action of other Powers.

Most Japanese papers, however, are strong for neutrality, though some, like Kobe *Shimbun*, protest against the Government's announced policy of absolute noninterference.

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TRICKING AN EMPEROR

L'Écho de Paris of September 18 quotes the following interesting story describing how Kaiser Franz Josef was tricked into declaring war against Serbia, from a series of revelations now appearing in *Neues Wiener Tageblatt* over the signature of the former Austro-Hungarian War Minister, Auffenberg-Komarov. The Emperor and Count Berchtold, the Premier, were both at Ischl. During the morning of July 25 it was understood at the War Office in Vienna that even if Serbia rejected Austria's ultimatum Emperor Franz Josef would not sign a declaration of war. At half-past nine that evening, however, a telephone message was received at the Ministry from Ischl stating that the Emperor had ordered mobilization, to begin on July 28. What caused this reversal of attitude? Colonel Seeliger, Chief of the Press Bureau of the Ministry, tells the story as follows: —

It was not easy to persuade His Majesty to sign the order. It was not until Count Berchtold read to him a telegram from Serajevo, stating that bands of Serbian *comitaji* had invaded Bosnia and killed and wounded 400 Austro-Hungarian border-guards and gendarmes, that the Emperor trembled and said in a colorless voice: 'What, so much blood has been shed already? Well, war has become inevitable.' Thereupon the Emperor sat down at his writing-table and signed the mobilization order with the shaking hand of an old man.

But the Press Bureau of the War Department, through which all information of the character of the report given to the Emperor necessarily passed, had received no notice of a border skirmish or of 400 people killed or wounded. The only thing that had taken place was a trifling frontier incident in which four gendarmes had been slightly wounded.

Colonel Seeliger, greatly disturbed over the baseless report conveyed to His Majesty, was leaving his office when he met Count Kinsky, an intimate friend of the royal family, who was familiar with all that occurred at court. He confided his trouble to him, whereupon the Count exclaimed: 'What, my friend, are you so naïve as all that? What do you think Count Berchtold is? Quite a man, that! He faked that dispatch about 400 dead. Without it he would never in the world have got the old man to order a mobilization.'

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NOTES FROM THE MOSLEM WORLD

THE *Servant of India* contributes this item to our scanty information as to the causes that led to the overthrow of King Hussein. Even though the report be exaggerated, it is a dramatic reminder of the heavy toll that social and political incompetence still takes from the human race.

A most horrible tragedy is reported to have occurred to the Hadj pilgrims this year owing to the criminal neglect of King Hussein's Government. Mekka depends for its water supply on an aqueduct, which this year does not seem to have been in good repair. The engineer in charge of the public works of the State is said to have reported that if the canal was not repaired before the Hadj season there would be scarcity of water. King Hussein and his Government took no action, with the result that no less than 10,000 pilgrims died of thirst within four days, on the plains of Mina and Arafat, a short distance from Mekka, where the ceremonials connected with the great pilgrimage are performed. According to an Indian witness, who has described the tragedy in the vernacular papers, the authorities were negligent also in the matter of the disposal of the dead. Opposite a certain mosque, it seems, for days together no fewer than 4000 corpses were lying uncared for.

The removal of two Caliphs in quick succession has not freed the Moslem world from the bitter controversies engendered by the Caliphate agitation. Mr. Gandhi has just finished a twenty-one days' fast as a penance for the recent religious riots between Hindus and Mohammedans in India. *The Nation and the Athenæum* declares: —

Never in the history of the modern period have the relations of Hindus and Mohammedans been so distressing as they are to-day. . . . The religious feud is general and unrestrained. Twenty years ago the recurrence of a Moslem festival was the occasion of nothing more than a reasonable amount of police precaution in the Indian cities. The festivals of 1924 have been accompanied by outbreaks and bloodshed in almost every part of Northern India.

Gandhi, in proclaiming his intention to begin his fast, expressed his purpose as follows: —

Let me hope that my fast will be an effective prayer to both Hindus and Mussulmans, who have hitherto worked in unison, not to commit suicide. I respectfully invite all communities, including Englishmen, to meet and end this quarrel which disgraces religion and humanity. It seems as if God has been dethroned. Let us reinstate him in our hearts.

Indian political leaders, including Mr. Das, Gandhi's chief opponent in the matter of tactics, did their utmost to persuade him to abandon his proposed fast. Sir Rabindranath Tagore declared: —

I have no faith in fasts, but Mr. Gandhi is sincere, as everyone knows. He is trying to bring about Hindu-Moslem unity. That unity cannot be achieved in a day. Hindus and Moslems have been cutting each other's throats for several centuries. I am not blaming either Hindus or Moslems; there is poison in both communities. The present outbreak of Moslems against Hindus is the reaction consequent on the Caliphate agitation, and I prophesied at the time of the Caliphate agitation that the reaction would soon come, and that when it came it would be severe. Indians have nothing to do with the Caliphate, but nobody heeded my warning.

*

MINOR NOTES

Now that Nordic enthusiasts are sobering down, with the tempering of Teutonic self-exaltation and the scission between their insular and continental kinsman since the war, the Pan-Celts have taken up the race cult at a grand conference in Brittany. Thither delegates have journeyed from

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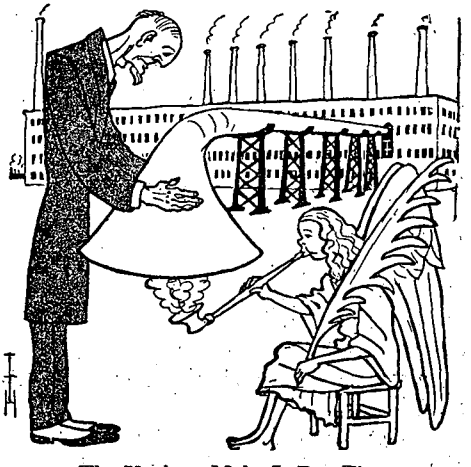
Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Cornwall, the Isle of Man, and even from Galicia in Poland — where German philologists have detected a faint offshoot of their blood — to discuss the common interests of Celtdom. These interests are for the present literary and archæological rather than political, and the meeting culminated in a pageant instead of a parade. None the less, the French Government looked coolly on this conference, fearing even the sentimental beginnings of a new Ireland in United France. The Breton branch of the movement publishes a monthly review called *Breiz Atao*, the organ of the *Unvaniez Yaouankiz Vreiz*, which opposes compulsory military service, characterizes French as *la langue du maître*, and even sympathizes with the Flamageants in Belgium.

THE PIPE OF PEACE

Some Frenchmen's Nostrils It Offends

Some Germans It Drives Stark Raving

Some English It Sets to Singing Hymns



The Yankees Make It Pay Them

Simplicissimus

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FOREIGNERS LOSING FACE IN CHINA

BY N. LOKHVITSKII

From *La Revue Mondiale, September* 15
(PARIS CURRENT-AFFAIRS SEMIMONTHLY)

AFTER the suppression of the Boxer revolt, which had developed into a Government-inspired agitation against foreigners, the situation of Europeans and Americans in China became much securer than before the outbreak. Heavy indemnities were imposed on the country, nominally to compensate the foreign residents for their losses. This new burden further unsettled the already precarious national budget. The Peking Government was so discredited that revolutionary groups waxed strong at its expense. Chinese arsenals were dismantled and an agreement concluded under which other nations bound themselves not to sell arms to China. The military detachments stationed in China to protect foreign concessions were reënforced. Throughout the country foreigners were freed from local jurisdiction and control.

The purpose of these measures was obvious. China promised to become an immense market for machinery and manufactures, and she could supply the world with unlimited quantities of the raw materials it needed. Furthermore, she offered employment to foreign engineers and artisans at a far higher remuneration than they received at home; and her factories, steamship lines, railways, and other enterprises, thanks to her exceedingly cheap labor, promised foreign investors dividends undreamed of in Europe, and even in America.

But this alluring prospect of a continual extension of foreign political, economic, and military influence in China has proved illusory, and by 1923 the situation of foreigners in that country had become worse than before the Boxer revolt. The principal reasons for this were Japan's victory over Russia, rivalry between Japan and the United States, the revolution in China, the World War, and the Russian Revolution.

Unquestionably the Russians and the Japanese enjoyed more prestige in China immediately after the Boxer revolt than other foreigners, because they had taken the leading part in suppressing that disturbance and they had put the strongest forces in the field. But we must make a digression here to explain the attitude of the Chinese masses toward the Japanese, for this offers a key indispensable for understanding the present situation.

Like most people who have lived for a long time in a state of independence, without close relations with other countries and free from foreign influence, the Chinese cherish an intense dislike for strangers. Possessing a high culture of their own entirely different from that of the West, they regard other nations as crude and immature, and the feverish life of modern Europe provokes in them only a smile of skepticism. The masses distrust and dislike foreigners because they realize instinctively that the latter have come to China to exploit them and their country. The scholars reason: 'For centuries China lived the life and cherished the ideals that Europe is living and serving to-day. She has

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passed through that experience and now she has retired to a life of leisure. She has learned that the really important task of living is not to contrive new inventions and machinery, or even to subdue the forces of nature, but to develop the human faculties, and these change very slowly. Those foreign nations that survive as long as China has survived will eventually understand our attitude. The others will die, as many nations whose existence China can recall have already died and completely vanished from the earth.'

Nuances exist in the feeling of the common people toward foreigners. They are least hostile to the Russians, whom they know better than any other white nation. They dislike most intensely the Japanese, with whom they have many long-standing accounts to settle. An old Chinese scholar of Peking once related to me this popular legend: —

'Thousands of years ago China was rich and powerful, and lived in peace and happiness under the rule of its Emperor. All the peoples of the universe feared and respected China. Every one of those nations has long since ceased to exist, and you Europeans do not even know their names. Our merchants were bold navigators; they sailed to all parts of the globe; they accumulated great wealth. When they returned to their native country they never failed to bring rare gifts to the Emperor, whom all nations honored. Once a party of traders who had just returned from a long voyage to the tropics brought the Emperor birds of beautiful plumage that talked like human beings, rich fabrics brocaded with gold, an ornately framed metal mirror, and a large and very intelligent monkey.

'The Emperor had a daughter to whom he was so devoted that he would not let her marry, so that she might not be separated from him. He presented all these gifts to that daughter. The Princess was delighted. She clad herself in the beautiful brocades, she admired herself in the wonderful mirror, and she taught the strange birds to speak Chinese. But she was devoted more than all else to the graceful and amusing monkey. Indeed, so much so that scandalous rumors began to circulate among the courtiers. The Emperor, catching wind of these, was furious, and threatened dire punishment to the scandalmongers. Rushing to his daughter's apartments he found the terrible news was true. She was dandling in her arms a bizarre creature — the monkey's child. The old Emperor was a just man and therefore controlled his wrath. He reflected in silence, then summoned his most confidential and trusted counselors. They pondered long upon the matter, and finally decided that the Princess, the monkey, and the child should be burned. But the Emperor himself was obviously at fault. He had forbidden his daughter to marry; he had given her the monkey. Therefore, after long meditation, he ordered that a great ship should be provisioned and laden with all the property of the Princess. When it was ready the Princess, the monkey, and their child were placed upon it, all sails were set, and the vessel committed to the waves and winds.

'The ship was wafted for many days across the ocean and at last stranded on the shores of a great and beautiful uninhabited island. The Princess, the monkey, and their child disembarked and made their home upon the island, and founded a new race — the Japanese. And in memory of this, all the beautiful things that the Princess possessed, including the wonderful mirror that the Emperor gave her, are still treasured in Japan.'

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It seems to me that this legend expresses precisely how the Chinese feel toward the Japanese. They recognize that they are kindred, and yet regard them with contempt. But the Chinese are Orientals, and the Orient understands and respects only physical force. Therefore, when Russia was defeated by Japan, she lost much of her influence in China.

Notwithstanding this victory, however, Japan has not gained the friendship of the Chinese; for by annexing Korea by force and seizing Shantung she made the Peking Government 'lose face,' and the common people resent less being humiliated by foreign devils from across the sea than by a kindred race.

The rivalry between Japan and the United States is a dominant factor in every important political move in the Far East. Japan is so overpopulated that she must perforce find an outlet for her emigrants. That is a question of life and death for her, since her excess of people, if unable to find employment, will inevitably take up the Socialist doctrines brought to Japan with her new industrial system, which is transforming her far too rapidly from a nation of farmers into a nation of manufacturers.

But the Japanese are only mediocre colonizers. Following the line of least resistance, they threw themselves upon eastern Siberia, they annexed Korea and Formosa, they tried to hold the former German colonies in China; but in every instance these have proved a source of loss and disappointment. They ascribe their failures in eastern Siberia and Korea to unfavorable climate. But Formosa, which has a climate not very different from that of the Japanese Archipelago, — if anything, better, — and which was expected to pour vast wealth into the lap of the mother country, remains to-day largely undeveloped. Under pressure at the Washington Conference the Japanese were forced to restore to China the former German concessions which they had occupied during the World War.

But the result is radically different when Japanese migrate to a country where a high level of civilization and economic development already exists. Under those conditions their remarkable industry and their low standard of living enable them speedily to acquire a foothold and to prosper. They do not as a rule form important agricultural communities, nor do they flock in great numbers to the factories; but barber shops, cheap hotels, laundries, and a whole group of similar small enterprises soon fall largely into their hands. This explains why the United States, though it needs cheap labor, soon restricted Japanese immigration and now has prohibited it entirely.

From the moment the United States excluded the Japanese, the long-standing rivalry between the two countries in China became a phase of their broader international rivalry, while the powerless Peking Government oscillates between the two and endeavors to play off one against the other.

The World War also was a formidable blow to the prestige of foreigners in China. Peking declared war against the Central Powers. It was a mere formality, for China undertook no military measures against her enemies; but she presented herself among the victorious nations when the Peace Treaty was made. The state of mind of the upper classes in China during the war resembled the glad excitement of the servants in a big mansion when their master and mistress are fighting like cats and dogs. At Versailles the Chinese demanded that citizens of the

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vanquished Powers should lose all their rights of exterritoriality and other privileges in China, and the victors joyfully acquiesced. Thereupon the Chinese seized the German and Austrian concessions. Meanwhile the Allied representatives chanted dithyrambs in time to Wilson's baton in praise of China's Republican régime, which had overthrown an odious empire and blessed the land with democratic institutions and liberal laws.

Young China's political representatives utilized this naïve enthusiasm of the Allies to raise the question of abolishing the treaty rights not only of the defeated countries but also of the victorious Powers in China. Although this claim was judged excessive, it could not be denied that logic was on the side of those who made it. The moment the victorious nations consented to subject their vanquished opponents in China to the beneficent legislation of her Republican Government it was hard to find logical grounds for depriving their own citizens of the same benefits.

The Government of the United States, which had taken the Chinese Republic under its wing, thereupon proceeded to make the situation even worse for Europeans. It generously renounced its own concessions in China, amid the enthusiastic and grateful jubilations of Peking. Since then the Chinese have never ceased to cite this noble precedent as an example for other States to follow. It is quite true that after declaring that they returned their concessions to China the Americans promptly strengthened the military detachments they maintained to protect their fellow countrymen in these concessions; but that is a detail which neither the Chinese nor the Americans discuss aloud.

As a result, other Governments also had to give up something. So after the first of June, 1923, all the foreign post-offices, which had been maintained in China for many years, were closed. Now all mail must be dispatched through the Chinese post, and Chinese officials, prompt to learn from their European models, have already become experts in reading private correspondence.

Foreign residents in China have not troubled to conceal their mutual hostilities from the natives. For example, immediately after the Armistice in 1918, a European mob at Tientsin destroyed a monument representing Germania in the former German concession. The principal street in that concession, which had borne the name of Kaiser Wilhelm, was rechristened President Wilson Avenue. Such discords have been fatal to their prestige, which was based on the fear the Chinese felt lest Europe act as a unit against them.

The results of all this are apparent in uncounted ways. The parliamentarians of Peking, who were at first completely detached from the common people, now have considerable influence over them, because they can boast that the Republic has humiliated the hated alien. Provincial governors flatter the chauvinism of the mob in order to distract attention from their own misdoings, and accuse foreigners of being the cause of China's present disorganization and distress. Meanwhile the patronizing Americans and the humiliated Germans vie with each other in courting the favor and flattering the pride of the Chinese. In fact, the present situation is very similar to what it was before the Boxer revolt, except that now the Europeans are divided among themselves and therefore much weaker than before.

At the Washington Conference Japan suddenly adopted a conciliatory attitude and decided not only to with-

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draw her troops from the maritime provinces of Russia, but also to evacuate Shantung. This abrupt change of front was like oil upon troubled waters. Japan's withdrawal from China was interpreted as a victory for the United States, which favors the Republican Government at Peking and backs up its representatives whenever possible, but gives it no effective aid in reducing to submission the provincial governors, who have usurped all the real power in the country.

In the Orient any concession is interpreted as a mark of weakness, to be used as a lever to extort still more. Therefore, as soon as the Japanese had evacuated Shantung, the Peking politicians and the Chinese press started a campaign to make Japan retract her Twenty-one Demands, to withdraw from Dairen and Port Arthur, and even to restore Korea.

Finally, the prestige of foreigners in China has also been seriously diminished by the protracted disorders in Russia. I shall not go into this subject further than to say that the Russian refugees who poured into China, without means of support, without diplomatic protection, and unable to compete with the natives in the cheap-labor market, were completely at the mercy of autocratic local authorities, who for the most part treated them precisely as an Oriental likes to treat a white person. The spectacle of these whites thus subjected to the caprice of Chinese officials has weakened appreciably the prestige and the respect that all Europeans and Americans have hitherto insisted upon receiving in the Far East.

The propaganda of democracy, conducted largely under American patronage, in the great industrial centres of China, and particularly among Chinese factory workers in establishments owned by foreigners, has encouraged the spirit of Socialism. Strikes, which were formerly unknown, are now everyday occurrences; but they rarely break out except in foreign-owned establishments. Enterprises controlled by Chinamen, who pay their employees far less than do their foreign competitors, are practically immune from these disturbances, for in them the relation of employer and employee is not based on the new democratic legislation of Peking, but upon century-old traditions.

Last of all, the failure of the French *Banque industrielle de Chine* has done great damage, not only to the reputation of French finance in China, but also to other European banking institutions, which no longer enjoy the confidence they formerly possessed.

Hitherto European residents in China have lived completely isolated from China's social life; and this aloofness inspired respect among the natives. The social customs of the foreign settlements were prescribed and maintained by those veteran world-colonizers, the English. A knowledge of the English language is necessary for any foreigner doing business in the Orient, since all European banks employ that language. The bills and bank notes of China and Japan are printed in English, as well as in the national tongue. The only deviation is in case of notes of small denomination issued by certain Chinese and Japanese banks to circulate in northern China, especially in the railway zone, which contain, besides the usual inscription in the national and the English languages, an ill-spelled Russian inscription in tiny characters.

The universal use of English has robbed foreign colonies abroad of any hint of local color, and has completely isolated them, as I have said, from the life of the natives. A European bank employee in China lives precisely

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like his fellow employee in Hongkong, Calcutta, Tokyo, or any other place you may wish to mention. And a white man in the Far East, no matter how modest the post he occupies, is always a lord among the yellow people. A young half-baked European clerk receives, merely because he is a European, a much higher salary than a Chinaman who has spent years in the same office and performs the same duties. No one ever saw a white man dining with a Chinaman in a restaurant, for that would not be good form.

To-day this royal disdain toward the yellow people is ceasing to be universal. Nevertheless, even now if you see a white man sitting at the same table with a Chinaman in a European restaurant you may be sure he is either an American trying to teach a native politician the principles of democracy, or a German socially ostracized by his fellow Europeans who is endeavoring to establish business relations with a customer.

But a breach has been made in the wall of convention that separates Europeans from Chinamen, and it is rapidly widening. Eventually the whole wall will be cast down, and it will bury in its ruins all that remains of Europe's prestige in the Far East.

The next Boxer revolt will be ushered on the stage of history by a white impresario and will certainly be much more serious than the first rehearsal, conducted by the awkward and inexperienced hands of the old Peking Government. Who will gain by it? Certainly not the Chinese masses, who know nothing of politics. Those who profit will be the political leaders who hitherto have sold their country to foreigners because they thought the foreigner invincible. Let me repeat, the key to the riddle of Far Eastern politics is the keen and inextinguishable rivalry between the United States and Japan. Other Governments are merely the supers on the stage, and they will remain so, at least until an actor now absent reappears — Russia.

A WORD FOR SPAIN

BY HENRY LEACH

From the *Manchester Guardian, September* 12
(Independent Liberal Daily)

Back in Tetuán, after long wandering through the great plains of the French zone, the fancy returns to the old idea that, though all is Morocco, here are yet two worlds, and a merely political distinction marks vast differences. Until the Atlas Range is reached on the south, hills are rare as unicorns in the part of Morocco occupied by the French; it is like one grand prairie. But at the hills the complexion changes, and the French either just make forts there and hold the tribesmen back, or, when essential, fight them. The French Moroccan plain rises to mountains again in the north as it joins the Spanish zone, and thence it is all mountains to the sea.

Spain has the nominal custody of

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this strip of Morocco along the Mediterranean, from the Atlantic, where she has a pushful city and base in Laraish, all along to the confines of Algeria, a little way beyond Melilla. It is only a matter of, roughly, two hundred miles for this full stretch, and at its very deepest, which would be measured from Ceuta southward, it is but about sixty miles, and not more than half that in the middle. Spain has been concerned with these Mediterranean parts for more than four hundred years, for she took Melilla first in 1496; and, facing her homelands, it is inevitable that if there must be divisions and zones this must be hers. But if her own circumstances and Europe's convenience have given this patch to Spain, and the wide flat lands below to France, she has very sadly had the worse of it, and let that be considered by those who say with decision and disdain that France has done well and Spain, alas! has wrought miserably and failed. There can be no comparison. There is more trouble, potential and actual and uncontrollable, in one square mile of Riff than all the way from Marrakesh to Casablanca.

Let into the body of this Spanish strip, occupying about two thirds of it, are this Riff and the mountains thereof — all mountains with wicked, jagged sky-lines, dangerously gullied slopes, and narrow valleys. Here in the spring asphodels display themselves; now in high summer the dried river-beds are embosomed in masses of bushes with big pink-bunched flowers like rhododendrons, but called delphines here. The rest is bare, brown, parched, and the overhanging hills seem to scream of cruelty, of pain, of violence. Northward the hills glide down to the sea; southward they fade away into the smooth French zone. At each end they taper off and, taking full advantage of the better conditions, for which they are rarely given credit, the Spaniards have done good work at the Melilla end and built a fine city, with handsome streets, public buildings, and parks, all quite Spanish in looks and manner and a credit to the makers. Also at the western end, where the mountains flatten out again, they have succeeded. The harbor works at Ceuta, splendid though still incomplete, make me think, each time I see them and look across to Gibraltar from the highly fortified Acho hill overlooking the city, that there may be something to be said in favor of swapping, after all.

Years ago, when one afternoon I became an amateur inspector of the first Spanish school at Tetuán, capital of the zone and well equipped with institutions, — and a good railway to Ceuta, — I perceived that it was at least as good as any other school in any part of Morocco, excellent in equipment and curriculum; and now I break from such belief only because the new school at Laraish is certainly the best, and might win a championship of Africa. Laraish itself, freed from rebel anxieties, is leaping ahead in the constructional and progressive sense, and at the moment displays more animation than almost any other city of Morocco.

Then far away inland among the mountains at last, due east of Laraish, straight south from Tetuán, is that 'holy' city, the 'sacred' city, the most 'mysterious' Sheshuan, or Xauen as the Spaniards call it now, copying the natives, and pronouncing it Shoun. Ages back old Moors, many of them from Spain, built this city in the most delicious, sequestered spot conceivable, meaning it for a safe retreat if infidels bore down from the coast, and, until the Spaniards took it four years ago, only one European had ever gained admission. Lately, having slept the night in the dainty palace of the High

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Commissioner, I mounted at daybreak to the terrace on the roof, and saw the sun ascend above the tall outside walls and point with light and gold the Kasbah and the minarets, while all below still lingered in the blue misty shadow of the Moroccan summer's night. The larks began, and then I saw the earliest of the faithful Moslems creep through the breaking gloom and mount the stone stairs of the big mosque in the plaza.

The Spanish have scarcely touched this bewitching city. In it they have installed their own *baja*, El Uafi, an old and well-tried servant of Spain; outside the city, over the shoulder of the nearest protecting hill, they are building a new Xauen. Perhaps in time to come — it may be only a little time — Sheshuan may lapse into its old Moorish solitude and secrecy. It would not be strange if such a shrine-city as Mulai Idris in the French zone, — in some points the counterpart of Sheshuan, or Wazzan, or yet great Fez itself, — achieving its heart's desire, were to cast the infidel away again, or at least persuade him to depart.

But the dominating consideration in Spanish Morocco now, as for long past, is evidently that long mountainous block running for most of the length of the zone and, roughly, parallel with the Mediterranean, with Raisuli and his men at the western end of it, and Abd el Krim at the other — but now, as we know, through his agents and lieutenants, pressing west. He sees an opportunity in the illness and decline of Raisuli, and his ambition, cupidity, and skill are ample for his case. His gorgeous instrument is this big mountainous block, with multitudinous and irregular ranges and peaks, sharply pointed, precipitous, gullies and pockets in their bare sides, on whose lower slopes patches of rough cultivation may be seen. Valleys wind in and out among these ugly and entangled hills, and the inhabitants dwell roughly in huts of earth or simple houses of stone according to their quality. They live upon their land; the fowl, the goats, the sheep, and the harvests are enough for them.

Their women work as men; and every man is a marksman, so that two or three of them, in comfort on a peak, have advantage over a company of Spanish soldiers toiling along in the valley against every form of difficulty and discouragement. And Europe howling at them, too! The Riffs have as much material and ammunition as they need, and artillery also. Most of it comes along the Mediterranean from the East. Cases of it are dropped into the sea, with floats to indicate them, by ships passing along this coast. Through this wild country there are no roads, only simple tracks, and it has never been explored by Spaniards or any other Europeans. Here and there one has crept in for a little way, stealthily, but has seen nothing of consequence. It is to the world almost *terra incognita* still.

So the number of its people is also unknown, but estimates have been made. There are some thirty or forty tribes, and a low reckoning sets the population at half a million, with 75,000 bearing arms or capable of so doing, while another estimate sets the population at 700,000 and the warriors at 100,000. Probably Abd el Krim has something over a third of that number at his fighting service. These people — having no organization, no industries, no service, nothing — need little government. Each tribe is controlled by its chief. They have never had a ruling Sultan over them; the Sultan of Morocco is nothing to them; and only now has Abd el Krim effected some sort of thin cohesion among them, with himself in acknowl-

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edged authority, venturing now one day to call himself a Sultan, on another day the President of the Riff Republic!

These people, remember, are not like the Arabs, or Moors of Morocco. They are Berbers untainted by recent invasions; they are aborigines, and are believed to have in them some blood of Northern European adventurers who anciently came this way. Their skins are often fair and would be fairer were it not for the browning sun. Sometimes blue eyes are seen, and even red or sandy hair and whiskers. They have no schools, though a show is being made of some of a primitive institution at Axdir, the so-called capital, and they have very little religion, though nominally they are Moslems. When, however, a 'holy war' is talked of in connection with the Riff, consider that these people have small faith or fanaticism, and it is only politics after all.

We say of Morocco generally that it is now just as Europe was in the Middle Ages, but in the Riff the ways and habits go further back than that, right to the primeval. A Spanish doctor who went among the Riffians says that when a man is wounded the only and standard cure is to place a coat of mud on the wound, then daub sour milk and honey over it, provoking suppuration, and then expose it to the strong heat of the sun. But they are a marvelously hardy people — and why? Because the conditions under which they live — disease, and all the rest — make the proportion of deaths among the babies and children ghastly, and those who survive are naturally immune to further ailments. Thus hardened, they live close to the bosom of nature; hunger, weather, hardship affect them little; their endurance is prodigious. They are among the hardiest men in the world, but every man has cost many babies. Dealing with these people either in the purely military manner or by way of 'pacific penetration' is a difficult business, and Spain should be more leniently judged than she has been for her failure.

A SAILOR IN THE MOROCCO WAR

BY A FOREIGN LEGIONARY

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning, June* 28
(Swedish Liberal Daily)

Early in 1923, having overstayed my shore leave and lost my ship at Huelva, I set off with a fellow Swede for Malaga. We covered the whole distance on foot, and it took us twenty days to reach the latter city. There we learned that many Germans and Scandinavians had joined the Spanish Foreign Legion for service in Morocco, and decided to enlist. It was easily done and, according to what I could make out with my little knowledge of Spanish, we were to receive five pesetas a day. In a jiffy we were Spanish soldiers. Everyone turned to stare at us, for not many men in Spanish uniform measure six feet two. Soon we were shipped to Ceuta on the African coast, and there our military life began.

In Dar Kiffen, a training-camp near

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Ceuta, I met an Englishman who bade me welcome and assured me I had now reached Hell. I was soon to learn he was not given to exaggeration, for I look back with horror on the days that followed — the filth and the stench of the barracks, the food that was hardly edible, the heat and the flies. Every morning we were sent to work on a road under the supervision of soldiers. This strict surveillance and the tight tunics we wore made us feel like convicts. At noon we were served dinner, consisting of soup made of water and oil, meat or fish, and weak black coffee. Afternoons were spent in more warlike occupations — target practice at empty bottles, marching and squad drill.

At seven in the evening we were free and could gather around a bottle of wine near the canteen. Our conversations invariably turned on the best method of escape, though the prospect of success was almost hopeless. Many had tried, but the majority had been caught and made to endure horrible punishments.

On Sundays we had some liberty, which we Scandinavians devoted to washing and bathing. We never saw the Spaniards near the beach. They seemed to have a panicky fear of cleanliness.

When men of so many nationalities are brought together and so much riffraff is mingled with honest folks, there is naturally much stealing. It was no use to complain. If you were robbed and reported it, you were laconically told, 'Steal back.' Such is military life in Spain. Every fifth day we were given our pay, 1.25 pesetas. It is easy to imagine our feelings when we were told that from the promised five pesetas two were deducted for rations and 1.75 for clothes!

Thus the time was spent until we were finally ordered to the front. The Moors had attacked a position at night and decapitated 150 Spanish legionaries. Reënforcements must be rushed forward. My friend and I were among those selected. Each man was given a new rifle, 250 rounds of ammunition, and rations for a three days' march. This food consisted of four boiled eggs, four small loaves of bread, a piece of tough meat, and a can of preserves. After a long march we were embarked on a train where we were so crowded that we could not sit down. At every station the Spaniards shouted, '*Viva España! Viva el Rey!*' Our own sentiments about Spain and its King were not fit for publication. They would constitute *lèse-majesté*.

At last we reached our rail destination, and there the real trip began. We could not travel on foot, but had to use mules, and their backs were wickedly sharp. I was so unfortunate as never to have been mounted before, and my sufferings cannot be described. After being thrown off again and again, I finally became so sore in my whole body that I could hardly hold on. The Spaniards laughed at me, which made me sorer still. But everything has an end, even a mule's back, and after a few days' ride we finally reached the front. Our detachment consisted of 800 legionaries, 1000 Spanish regulars, and 300 mounted Moors — for some of the natives enlist to fight their own countrymen.

In a few days we made our first advance. Communications with a near-by fort had been cut off, and it was our task to break through the enemy's lines and to relieve the fort with food and ammunition. We crossed a wide river, and then our route lay for an entire morning up a mountain chain called Monte Magan. Many of my comrades dropped out from the intense heat. It was over 104° F. Finally, at about noon, we reached our

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objective without contact with the enemy. After resting we returned, and late that night we were back in our original camp.

A period of about three weeks ensued during which the enemy kept relatively quiet. Then one day the telephone connection with another fort was cut, and some of the Moors showed themselves in the neighborhood of our detachment. At once we opened fire, and our aviators dropped bombs, whereupon our uninvited guests retired.

The next day there was another clash, the most violent of all. We lost eighteen dead and about fifty wounded. The enemy's losses we could not determine, but I imagine they were very light.

Another quiet period followed during which we had a relatively easy time. Our only duties were to mount guard, clean the mules and the stables, fetch wood, and carry water. But our life was an uninterrupted battle with fleas and other insects that threatened to eat us alive. When we woke up in the morning we were covered with red spots. And yet nearly every day we stole away to the river to bathe and wash our clothing.

This squalid way of living, together with our poor food and the brutal treatment of our officers, strengthened our determination to escape. It was a decision of despair. We knew what awaited us in case of capture — reduced rations and hard labor from early morning till late at night with one sandbag tied on the chest and another on the back, varied by forced marches.

But even these prospects did not deter us. The only question was, how? Several plans were discussed. The best seemed to be to try to cross to Gibraltar or land in Spain or Portugal. One day I made my way to the river to find a boat that we could steal. Great caution was required. I did not dare to look too closely at the boats of the Moors tied up to the bank near the camp. But farther down, near the mouth of the river, I discovered a suitable boat hidden in the reeds. That one I selected, and we set a week later for our escape.

In the meantime we saved as much food as possible and some tobacco. Finally, late one evening, we sneaked down to the shore. We did not dare to row directly away, but undressed and swam toward the mouth of the river, towing the boat behind us. We were five — two Swedes, one Norwegian, one Austrian, and one Negro.

Early in the morning we hoisted sail and made good progress toward the coast of Spain. But several days passed before we sighted the Spanish coast, and on the sixth day we were forced by hunger and lack of water to steer for the nearest land.

We filled our water bottles and bought some bread at a village, and after consulting together decided to abandon the boat and make our way overland to Portugal. At first everything went well. But on the second day we were caught by two mounted police, who demanded our passports and other papers. Of course we had none. As our boat had been discovered and our escape had been reported from Ceuta, our fate was settled. It was no use denying who we were. Soon we were locked up in a jail in Matril, the village where we had left the boat.

The next day I wrote a letter to the Swedish Minister at Madrid, describing our unhappy situation. He replied very kindly and promised to appeal to the Ministry of War for our release from further military service in Morocco. But it takes time to get things done in Spain. We lingered in that jail seven months before we learned our fate.

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We spent the time reading a few newspapers which the Minister kindly sent us. When we had read everything from beginning to end, even the advertisements, we amused ourselves drawing copies of the pictures on the walls. The jail is now like a picture gallery. It has also been honored with distinguished visitors. Even the mayor of the town was a guest for a week, having been arrested for embezzling the municipal funds. He seemed to thrive in confinement.

At length I received a letter from the Minister, informing me that though he had done everything in his power there was little hope of our being pardoned, since in addition to the deserting we had also stolen the boat. A week later, however, there arrived full pardon from the Spanish King. '*Viva el Rey!*' But before being set free we must be transferred to Ceuta. We were escorted thither by two gendarmes. Upon our arrival we had to don prison garb once more and were locked up in another jail for the very offense for which the King had pardoned us. Such is Spanish law!

We have now been here three months and the future looks pretty dark to us. I pin my only hope of being liberated upon the prospective amnesty when the Italian royal couple arrive in Spain.

RUHR WORKERS IN THEIR HOMES

BY WALTER KAMPER

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, August 27*
(LIBERAL DAILY)

I FOUND in the first home that I visited at Essen a man of the solid, settled, Westphalian miner type. He was a church member who lived with his wife and six children in a three-room tenement: a combination kitchen and living-room, and two bedchambers. He had the pale complexion common among underground workers and the quiet manner that this occupation often produces. During the May lockout, the family had managed as best it could on the soup dispensed by free-soup kitchens, and bread and potatoes bought on credit; but there had been foodless days. Now things were a little better, but the thirty-two or thirty-four marks that the husband brought home every tenth day barely sufficed for the most necessary expenses, especially since there were last spring's back bills at the grocer's to be paid. No surplus was left for buying even the most necessary clothing. The husband had but a single shirt; it was washed Saturday evening and worn again Sunday morning. The children were all underfed; the oldest was tubercular. Since the Friendly Aid Society to which the family belonged was disbanded early this year, it has been impossible to have the doctor call, for this would cost at the least three marks a visit.

A gray and gloomy household, therefore, but tidy and carefully managed. I was impressed by the sensible and resigned manner of the husband. Somewhere in his nature there was a support

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that prevented him from losing hope and becoming dissolute or desperate. He described to me his work as a hewer in the mine, the complicated way in which his pay was computed, and the extent to which he was at the mercy of the shift boss. But he related these things in a matter-of-fact way without complaint.

I soon found plenty of workers of a different type. For instance there was a Pole who bowed double and kissed with great show of devotion the hand of the priest who entered just ahead of me, while he volubly explained how pious he was. His wife, in the back of the room, smiled and sighed as if to say: 'If it were only true!' Then there was a surly ultra-Radical — one of those men who never think of anything but themselves. He was dissatisfied because the trade-unions called off the last strike. He saw no reason why workingmen should go hungry. They should not be so stupid — he didn't. He did not tell me how he managed it. I merely saw the members of his family, who all looked well. His wife seemed well fed, exhibiting nothing of the haunted, submissive air common among women of her class. The children were rosy and vigorous, and through the window I caught a glimpse of a little garden and some poultry.

Essen is one of the coziest cities of the Ruhr. It retains its personality; it has a tract of pleasant countryside close by; and before the war it followed a better housing-policy than most German towns. There is a relatively numerous middle-class and the working people mostly live amid pleasanter surroundings, especially in the newer Krupp cottage-groups, than in other parts of the district. A man who wishes to see the worst proletarian towns of the Ruhr should go farther north to Herne and Wanne and, above all, to Gelsenkirchen. There the residence quarters are mere annexes to 'the works.' They have no personality, and a workers' suburb is merely a cage for human beings.

Near the edge of one of these towns I discovered a ruinous old brick building, lying a little apart from the highway, with flowers in some of the windows. The people call it 'Witch's Castle.' Upon entering, its ruinous condition was still more evident. There was not even running water, and to be without that is the last privation of a laborer's family in this section. A woman in charge, who showed me around, told me of a family of refugees from East Prussia who had come to Gelsenkirchen to live with the husband's sister. Since then both families had occupied the same tenement — eighteen people, including eight adults, in two rooms!

As I was prowling about in this Witch's Castle, I came to a room that seemed a veritable den of misery. Furniture, walls, and bedding were black with dirt and the spectre-like forms of the occupants looked like living caricatures of want. An old man sat huddled on a bench at the back of the room, and a ragged woman leaned against the cupboard and stared at me stupidly, whining all the time that though she was unable to work she received no unemployment dole. The man explained that the woman was a widow whose son was serving a prison sentence for murder. He himself lived in an adjoining room and boarded with her, paying her the 5.40 marks unemployment dole that he received each week. The woman's sole ambition in life was to get a similar dole — amounting to about $1.25 a week.

But let me describe a more typical workingman's home in the centre of Gelsenkirchen. The father, mother, and eight children slept in a single room on two beds, a sofa, and a cradle, which were broadened by placing chairs beside them. They were a decent, respect-

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able family, but like all people of this class they never opened their windows, even in the hottest weather, and the air was stifling. Several of the children were sickly; one was obviously tubercular. The man was employed in a coke works. His shift was twelve hours, of which two hours were allowed him for rest and meals. His work was very arduous. Day and night shifts, always from six to six, were alternated each week. On the Sunday that he changed from day work to night work, the two shifts were in immediate succession, so that he worked approximately twenty-four hours. As compensation he had a full twenty-four hours to himself the following Sunday.

A LAND OF VOLCANIC POLITICS

BY MORLEY ROBERTS

From the *Morning Post, August* 19
(London Tory Daily)

At the time of my first visit, Honduras was troubled by the political malaise which in Central America ushers in an acute febrile attack of revolution. It is said in medicine that the violence of inflammation is measurable by the loss of blood. After I left Honduras a deal of blood was shed according to Central-American notions. At Tegucigalpa, the Honduran capital, two hundred were reported to have been killed in one battle. But things had not come to actual civil war when I left Tela. The Reds, or those in power, occupied their usual posts, drew their salaries, which are small, and made illicit profits, which are large, just as usual, while the Blues, a mixed party only united against the blessed holders of office, had their thoughts firmly fixed on a happy future and all places of profit.

When, on my brief return to Honduras, we were at last dumped on the Tela beach, just opposite the Aduana, or Customs Office, their hopes had been fulfilled. I knew so much from Guatemalan papers, but only realized it when I heard an enthusiastic new officeholder making a speech with, I think, a new heaven and a new earth in it, to a crowd of barefooted soldiers, police, and customhouse officers. They paid no attention to us or our baggage, and when I went away to get assistance in removing it, N—— sat forlornly on a trunk and listened to politics in solitude. A couple of gringos on the beach meant nothing as a rosy future opened to them. While I was away, however, a customs officer came down, looked at the baggage, chalked it hastily without opening a thing, and rushed back to hear the peroration. The 'guns' he might have confiscated were in my belt. A pistol of any kind is a temptation to all in a country of active politics. It might be more useful than a vote. It may even influence results marvelously, as one leveled gun often persuades a crowd of political opponents to vote 'correctly.'

In the hospital belonging to the United Fruit Company at Tela, I found some fifty wounded men. It seems that

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we missed a great deal by leaving the town before the actual local crisis. There was something grimly humorous about what occurred. Mixed with the crude brutality, too often seen here, there is forever something to laugh at. Yet what looked most laughable was truly more significant than the actual bloodshed. I did not know as I left the shore and came to the bridge across the river, guarded by a keen-looking citizen with a couple of revolvers, that I was then passing something like a new political line. When the Blues came down on Tela in strength — for a seaport offers great financial opportunities to all holders of office — there were American gunboats lying there at anchor.

I pretend to know nothing of the inner political side of the great Boston company which grows bananas from Puerto Barrios in Guatemala to the east, and down south to Santa Marta. But such a company cannot protect itself. Any great investment in a foreign country is 'peaceful penetration,' which may need methods other than those of peace to reap profits, or bananas. It may be that the gunboats lay off Tela by accident. In any case American marines were sent ashore, and formed a cordon about the company's property, which lies west of Tela River. The leaders of the Reds and the Blues were spoken to somewhat in the manner a headmaster, without moral objections to fighting by his boys, might say: 'Fight, if you must, in the fives court, but if I catch you fighting elsewhere there will be trouble.' The candidates for office were informed that if they wanted to fight they must do it on the west side of the bridge. Otherwise — and that was all. Very obediently, and apparently without seeing the humor of the situation, they retired across the river and fought it out. But did not the United States win? It may be thought so. If one may put it so, *nuestro vecino del Norte* — our northern neighbor — has the bananas!

I am no politician. Two parties, or three parties, are always right and always wrong. Varying circumstances make one less wrong and another less right than usual. We can look on politics with a biological eye, and then Parliament becomes a rude social organ seeking to adapt the blind organic State to its changing environment. This will apply to England, to Great Britain, to the Empire, and to many advanced States. The politicians fight for themselves and the country on which they live, or which pays them with a sense of power. They mix their opinions with their interests, and acquire honorable faith in the results. But parties arose originally out of mere self-protection. For them their interests were supreme. It was only later that they moralized and rationalized them. We can see in Central America the early biology of politics. It might teach and humble many to observe the phenomena, and to note that Parliaments rarely become unanimous in patriotism until they are threatened not only with a temporary loss of power, but with a permanent deprivation of their offices and privileges. They may do good work, but their interests move them in the end.

What, then, is patriotism in Central America? One hesitates a little to say it, but in its essence it is merely fear that these countries, or the great mass of the docile and uninstructed which composes them, may be lost to the competing gangs which fight for them as feeding-grounds, and alternately batten on them or starve and conspire in outer darkness. This is not to say that there are no honorable and honest men. But it is grievous to think that the one universally regarded as such in Guatemala lost office on account of his virtues, and cannot regain it. For the

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most part power is pursued for its most material results. If a president gets rich and yet manages to put the lighting and paving of a city in fair condition, he is a good president. Some would turn all the money available into bonds to bearer, and keep them safely in New York, London, or Paris. While in power their parasites, if well fed, call them great men. They fall and are hooted at; their greatness once lay in their ability to recognize that other men are also greedy. They forget this at last, and their end is sure.

These Republics have been Republics and practically independent since they broke loose from Spain in 1821. They modeled their constitutions on that of the United States. A crude half-mingled mass of men without real race and without the true capacity to form nations adopted a scheme of government which has been tested only too severely in the States. The leaders of the anti-Spanish movement were on top. They quarreled among themselves. A tentative federation dissolved in anarchy. The leaders of each section of this illusory confederation then fought among themselves, while the people, as incapable of self-rule as unfit for it, looked on and suffered and were exploited. The history of a country is the history of a machine. When it is new and newly invented it loses half its energy in friction. As time goes on the machine is improved and energy is saved. As it wears out the loss of power again increases. Given time, it may be imagined that these Republics would learn to govern themselves on something like a democratic basis, even on the lines of a conservative democracy.

But time is lacking and the world, especially the business world, looks to them to set their houses in order and to do it in haste, which is impossible. World-politics and the Monroe Doctrine have handed their destinies to the United States. When Monroe and Canning made their move against Spain they gave the United States more to do than any reckoned on. Few nations move north, but the south forever looks open and men and money move south in America. Openly and secretly the power of the United States increases. An American Minister told a friend of mine: '*I* rule this State.' It was highly indiscreet in a diplomatist, but it had much truth in it. In the Gulf of Fonseca I saw the battleship Tacoma at anchor outside Amalapa. There is an American man-of-war at Corinto; marines are permanently stationed in the Nicaraguan capital; in Salvador an American official 'supervises' the customs with tact and discretion, but also with determination.

What is the result now? I take it to be a still more fervent desire of the Republican ruling parties to make hay while the sun shines. There is yet the great dam of Mexico between them and the North American flood. But for other factors which influence the United States, Mexico would by now have been set in order. The Americans bear outrages on their citizens with impatience. They have had every excuse for war. But whether Mexico is reduced to order by its present President or by outside force, it must in the end become an appanage of the United States. Its independence will be the independence of Cuba. On the Cuban port of Guantanamo an American fleet is based. Then the time of Central America will come.

The Republics will make no resistance. They cannot. Countries with their politics in the condition in which Europe once was, and now threatens to be again, cannot compete in war or commerce with a great nation, in which the ruling classes have the countenance of a large portion of the population.

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The real and fatal lesion in the Central-American States lies in the fact that the rulers, the few that would serve and the many that would bleed their poor and illiterate fellow citizens, have none to back them in any crisis.

It is a great pity. These little Republics on the world's earthquake line are fertile and capable of a greater fertility. They possess the strangest monuments of the past and might build others for the future. The beauty of the country is a wonder: the people, whether largely of Spanish blood or those in whose veins runs that of the Indians, are charming and hospitable, helpful and courteous. The climate may have its extremes, but no extreme is insupportable. With a little more care and more regard for science the unhealthy parts can be converted from mere death-traps to places of resort. The vegetation is marvelous; tree flowers are seen nowhere else in such magnificence. And everywhere there may be untold mineral wealth. In many places it but waits peace to bring prosperity.

Whatever one's expectations on going to Central America, none who has seen more than its mere coastline will leave it without regret.

IN RUSSIA'S BORDERLANDS

BY DOCTOR ERICH OBST

From *Kölnische Zeitung, August* 17
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

[Doctor Obst is Professor in the Hanover Polytechnic School.]

A person who plans a journey in Soviet Russia must first go to Moscow. Only there can he secure the numerous authorizations that are necessary if he is to move about with comfort and profit. The absolute centralization of the present régime is everywhere in striking evidence. Moscow is the focus of Sovietdom, and there is more truth than fiction in the saying: 'Know Moscow if you would know Russia.'

Yet Russia is so large, so immeasurably large! An express train crossing from one frontier to another takes more days than it would take hours to cross Germany. A traveler encounters a variety of races, climates, and natural conditions that he does not find in any other country of Europe, and scarcely in all the remainder of the continent. Consequently it is a difficult task to manage all Russia from a single centre like Moscow.

But it is in Moscow that a person feels most plainly the heartbeat of New Russia, that he realizes most vividly the vital process which is at work forming there a new and unique society. Everything has been turned up from the lowest depths. Everyone is debating — in private homes, on the street, at the restaurant, men and women, young and old — everybody everywhere is discussing with more or less intelligence fundamental social and economic problems. Nor is their interest confined exclusively to Russia. One

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hears much talk of the Dawes Plan and its effect upon Europe, particularly Germany; much talk of the expansion of the United States; much talk of the problems in Eastern Asia. The long summer nights favor these interminable discussions, and people are not silent even in the hours normally allotted to sleep. Newspapers do their part to keep up the interest. They dwell constantly on the broad lines of future social development and incidentally they criticize abuses at home with a freedom that astonishes the stranger.

To be sure, liberty of criticism is not granted to everybody. The paralyzing ubiquity of the political police, with their universal espionage, weighs upon the minds as well as the speech of the people, for no one can be sure that his best friend is not in the secret service. The hatred of the old and certainly not overnumerous intelligentsia, and the feverish effort to educate the masses overnight, have their narrow and irrational side. A nephew of Krassin, one of the ablest men the Soviets possess, was expelled from the university, during a recent 'purification' of those institutions, because his father was not a proletarian!

Beyond question all is not well in Soviet Russia. The throngs of beggars that besiege a man in Moscow are physical evidence of the fact that Communism has not made a paradise on earth. But who can presume to draw a balance between the debit and credit sides of Sovietism? It is folly, of course, to laud the Russian Communism of today as a final solution of social ills; but it is equally foolish to dismiss the whole movement with a wave of the hand and predict its early overthrow. Many of its so-called reforms will vanish; new experiments will be tried; but the present line of evolution seems likely to be followed for a considerable period.

We were received with uniform courtesy at the numerous government offices that we were compelled to visit. Nowhere were intentional obstacles placed in the way of our movements. At length, armed with a formidable array of official documents, we found ourselves in the train that was to take us via Yaroslavl to Vologda. We left promptly to the minute. The train was fairly clean, but it swayed and rattled so that I felt a premonition of seasickness. Groves, bungalows, — where the people of Moscow live during the warmer months, — fields, and then hours and hours of almost unbroken forest — ruddy-trunked pines, white birches, and occasional ash-trees.

The next morning we reached our first important stop — Vologda. The forest had been replaced by a little scanty cultivation and vast stretches of prairie and meadow extending as far as the eye could reach. The city, which was founded in 1147, is the centre of an ancient forest-clearing. It has nearly fifty thousand inhabitants, and is an important railway-centre and also a leading market for butter and flax.

A visitor who cannot read Russian will notice little evidence of Communism here. Dozens of private traders have erected wooden booths near the railway station, where they sell black rye bread, white bread and pastries, milk, cheese, butter, meat, sausage, and fish, all of which are offered in great abundance. Small private shops also border the city streets. Most of the residences are still occupied by their former owners, except in cases where the latter have fled and deserted their property. But a person who reads Russian will notice signs designating consumers' coöperatives, offices of the national trusts, a branch of the Moscow public printing office, announcements of school courses for workingmen, and much else of the same sort that is characteristic of the new régime.

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I supposed that the Soviet administration would not be running as smoothly in the provinces as in Moscow. In this I was mistaken. The local Soviets are functioning normally, as if they had existed from the beginning of time. The railway repair-shops are being extended and their labor force increased; the different trusts and cooperatives are busy. Everywhere I saw a picture of active industry. To be sure, the peasants complain that they cannot get implements and machinery. They want better seed and other supplies. But they add patiently: 'That will come in time.'

Here in the North people seem to have a deep faith in the rightness of the new course their country has adopted. Serfdom, with its deep social discriminations, never existed here. The instinctive sense of human equality is more deeply rooted. I was impressed by the apparent spontaneity of the Lenin cult. Pictures of Lenin are to be found in every house, shop, or office, printed in black and white or in colors, and sometimes painted in oils. I saw Lenin busts of all imaginable sizes and materials. Lenin's picture was upon the china, upon cigarette boxes, and upon stickpins. Indeed a portrait of him in flowers adorned the public garden. Doubtless much of this was due originally to official initiative, but today the cult seems to go forward of its own momentum. Vologda thanks Lenin for its new electrical station, which supplies light and power even to the humblest cabin, for a public library containing nearly 200,000 volumes, and for its local museum. Lenin also figures as the founder of the 'Society for Scientific Research in Northwestern Russia,' and other organizations. Just how much these things actually mean is beside the question. People believe in him, and this faith does much to bolster up the Soviet system.

Government propaganda against the Church has practically ceased. The church buildings are open; there are priests enough to perform services, and many of the people remain loyal to their old faith in spite of persecution. But the great bulk of the population is immersed in material cares and is inclined to reproach the clergy for its past troubles. Men ask: 'What did you do for us during the centuries when you had the power? What was your God doing when we were robbed and oppressed? We don't need you now, for politics have become our religion.'

We were scheduled to leave Vologda on the little side-wheeler Yernsk at three o'clock, but it was eight o'clock in the evening before the last bags of salt and meal and bales of flax were stowed away, and the last peasant or woodsman was aboard. The cargo showed whither we were bound. Central Russia was sending salt and provisions to pay for the timber, the fish, and the furs she receives from the North.

My cabin was small and primitive, but clean. However, I preferred a seat on deck near the prow, where I watched the scenery during the long summer evening, until midnight. Low thickets bordered the stream. Beyond them lay great reaches of lowland meadow, with occasional cultivated fields, and close to the horizon stretched the low black silhouette of the far forest line. The channel was indicated by spar buoys painted white and red. Our steamer followed obediently the path they traced from one shore to another. The river, which was only fifty yards wide where we embarked, rapidly widened. A solemn stillness rested on the countryside; a gorgeous sunset was followed by a marvelous iridescent afterglow, as is usual at this season in these high altitudes.

Great barges laden with timber drifted past us. Side-wheelers towed

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rafts toward Vologda. Numerous row-boats made their laborious way up-stream. Night-bound boat-parties had camped on shore and were cooking their fish soup by twinkling fires. The river is the great highway that everybody uses, because the marshy forests are nearly impassable. All the moving life of the district is concentrated on this narrow silver ribbon.

Our steamer churned her way down the Sukhona, which by the second day had attained a breadth of two or three hundred yards and was now bordered on both banks by continuous woodland. Scarcely a sign of settlement was visible until we reached Totma that afternoon. This village, a sort of oasis in the infinite forest, straggles in a thin line along the river bank.

We frequently passed great heaps of building-timber and firewood piled on shore. More than two fifths of the vast forests of northern Russia, which cover an area almost as large as Germany and France combined, have rarely been trodden by human foot. Only a negligible fraction has even been systematically worked. A few concessions controlled by foreign companies — the German Mologa Company, which is by no means the largest, owns stumpage rights as extensive as all Baden — have been scientifically exploited. Elsewhere the timber has been felled haphazard, especially close to the river, so that in the immediate vicinity of the stream the larger trees have mostly disappeared. But ten or twenty miles back from the river the forest remains virtually untouched, since logs no longer repay the cost of carriage to water.

Vast tracts have been ruined by fires. The forest peasant will burn over an area close to the river in order to get a little clearing to plant rye, barley, and potatoes. In a few years this land is exhausted, for the people are too poor to keep live stock, and their fields are never fertilized. So the peasant moves on, burns over a new tract for planting, and continues the vicious circle.

This ruthless destruction has brought speedy retribution. The heavy loam that often lies one hundred feet deep upon the river banks will resist rains and seepage as long as it is protected by a dense covering of vegetation. But as soon as the timber goes, it washes away so completely that great areas of bed rock are exposed. We traveled for hours between naked cliffs so denuded of soil and vegetation that we seemed to be navigating through a desert.

On the third day the forest retreated farther from the stream and settlements became more frequent. Toward midday we stopped at Velikiy Ustyug, a town of 15,000 inhabitants and the centre of the Sukhona timber trade. Twenty great churches were visible to bear witness to the former importance of this ancient colony of Novgorod. Velikiy Ustyug and Totma were in olden time important stages on the trading-route to Siberia, and their numerous churches were erected by wealthy merchants to fulfill a vow. This town is just now experiencing a revival, having been made the capital of North Dvina.

The Soviets are making a diligent effort to better both the economic and the cultural condition of the place. They have started a wireless station, a gymnasium, and courses of instruction for workingmen, and are organizing the forest peasantry so as to advance them credit, supply them with horses and cattle, improve the rural schools, and better health conditions. The common people thoroughly appreciate what is being done for them. They say: 'In the old times no one troubled about us. Now we know where our taxes go.'

We changed steamers at Velikiy

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Ustyug, and continued our journey down the river on the Lunacharskii. A squad of Communist Boy Scouts, called 'Pioneers,' crowded around us and bombarded us with questions, especially concerning conditions in Germany. They were on a two weeks' tour under the guidance of a schoolmistress for the purpose of studying the geography, resources, and industries of their home province.

By this time the valley had broadened out remarkably, and the river, now more than a mile wide, wound through the great bottom-lands in mighty bends. Navigation is hampered by numerous sand-bars, but the stream was alive with rafts and boats headed for Archangel. The valley is dotted with frequent settlements, which are conspicuously perched on the terraced banks high above the sandy or marshy meadows that border the water. Village church spires are never out of sight and serve as familiar landmarks. Now and then I saw a factory chimney — a small tannery, glassworks, and the textile mill of Karsavin, which employs twenty-five hundred operatives spinning and weaving linen goods out of the flax raised in the districts to the westward.

This stretch of river, between Velikiy Ustyug and Kotlas, is called the 'Elbow of the Dvina,' and is a particularly busy part of the great water-highway. That is due to the fact that a number of navigable tributaries join it here from all directions and pour their traffic into its broad bosom. Velikiy Ustyug, which means 'the big mouth of the Yug,' and Kotlas divide this trade between them. At present the former is the more important port, but the younger and smaller Kotlas is an ambitious rival. Kotlas owes its importance to its location at the mouth of an important tributary of the Dvina, the Vychegda, whose valley contains some of the finest standing timber in Russia and is also a rich reservoir of valuable furs. In addition, it is the northwestern terminus of the Siberian railroad, thanks to the construction of the Vyatka-Kotlas branch, and consequently is an important transshipping point for goods to Archangel. An imposing row of butter and grain warehouses, with their wharves and sidetracks, show how important this business formerly was. To-day most of the warehouses are empty, the wharves are falling into decay, and their machinery is for the most part dilapidated and useless.

We were compelled to change our steamer again at Kotlas, because the Lunacharskii's course took her up the Vychegda. Our new accommodations were a great improvement, for the Dobrolubov, which plies between Kotlas and Archangel, rivals our Rhine steamers in size, cleanliness, and comfort. We continued our journey down the Dvina for two nights and one day longer. The mighty river was in places nearly three miles wide. Interminable forests again covered its banks, and its silver surface was dotted with raft after raft of timber. What will the traffic be like when the forest resources of this mighty northern empire, which are still relatively untouched, are scientifically exploited? No one can measure as yet the future possibilities of this vast reservoir of natural wealth. And to think that Russia to-day must depend upon Finland for paper pulp and similar products!

At long intervals our steamer made a short stop at a lonely landing, where there was a little settlement of wood-choppers, fishermen, and peasants. All these places looked alike. One of the larger, two-storied log cabins invariably bore a red sign with this legend: 'Office of the Coöperative Union of the Government of Archangel. Workers and Peas-

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ants Unite Against Private Trading.'

Finally, at noon of the fifth day of our river journey, we reached the first suburbs of Archangel. We now passed sawmill after sawmill, each surrounded by a great yard filled with piles of lumber, beams, mine timbers, and undressed logs. Archangel lies on several arms of the Dvina Delta, much as Petrograd lies on the arms of the Neva Delta. It was here that English traders landed in the sixteenth century and made their way up the Dvina and Sukhona to Moscow. The city was founded in 1584, and for centuries was the only Russian port from which there was direct access to England and Holland.

CHIFFONS

BY MIA LECHE

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning, August* 23
(Swedish Liberal Daily)

When Kunigunde arrived at Alier-sur-Mer she put up over her shop a little blue sign on which was the word, —

CHIFFONS

Kunigunde's name echoes a German heroic ballad, but personally she is the most Parisian of all the Parisians. She leads a migratory existence among some of the fashionable French watering-places. When the season is over in Paris she moves with her crates, her mannequins, and her seamstresses to Nice, and when she is through with Nice she proceeds to Alier-sur-Mer, where she occupies a single large room which serves at the same time as atelier, office, and salesroom. In the front window she exposes the red-haired, vampire-like, life-size wax dolls, who display Kunigunde's latest *créations* in gowns and evening wraps. Farthest in the rear are the little sewing girls, pinched in the cheeks and with their hair bobbed, and at the desk in the centre sits Madame Kunigunde herself, directing the work in the rear with falcon eyes and sizing up the customers in front according to their deserts.

Her method of dealing with *clientes* is rich in shadings. Kunigunde is always affable, but she makes no more fuss than is necessary. When two women out for a walk slip into the shop to make inquiries, she may treat them quite *von oben,* because she scents their lack of serious purpose. If a woman comes alone, she usually has intentions to buy and then Kunigunde knows how to nurse this impulse into action. But if she comes escorted by a man, her husband or her lover, then Kunigunde cuts loose and hoists all sails.

During the negotiations she displays an ingratiating method of making this gentleman her confederate, her arbiter in taste and judgment.

'Monsieur has a remarkable eye for pretty clothes,' she will say. 'It would serve no purpose to show any less exclusive models. Monsieur would not approve of them anyway. I have been

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in this business a long time and I can tell at once whether or not a gentleman understands chiffons.'

And here Kunigunde casts behind the lady's back a glance at the Monsieur which for the moment thrills him with the intimation that he is at heart an old Ravaillac.

But Kunigunde has absolutely no erotic side-aim with her glances. She is a good saleswoman, that is all. Furthermore she is the mother of Ferdinand, consequently a woman of uncertain age. It was only when I learned that this large, blond, and indolent gentleman, who always sits unoccupied and smoking in the midst of the flock of seamstresses, was her son that I began to wonder how old Kunigunde was.

When you say of a Northern woman that she has reached an uncertain age you imply that she has passed beyond the stage during which her femininity makes an impression on the opposite sex. When the same thing is said of a Parisian, it should be taken literally and without a double meaning. Often they possess a positive attractiveness, a flow of wit or at least a display of personality which survives their youth and makes the number of their years a matter of indifference. Kunigunde is one of those women whose age does n't matter. She gives the impression that she was no better-looking when she was younger and that she will not look less handsome when she gets more wrinkly.

Her hair is fluffy and reddish-blond. Her complexion is massaged and well cared for. She has two kinds of rouge, a lighter one for the morning and a brighter-red one for the afternoon. Her resilient, gracefully thin figure will support the most eccentric gowns. She has a hand-embroidered dress with pagodas, arching bridges, and Chinamen riding in chairs. She has another in cretonne with peacocks and butterflies. Sometimes she wears light, chemise-like dresses of crêpe de Chine with heavy borders of bead-embroideries in cerise and verdigris. Another time she is draped in a piece of bright-red cloth, the only ornament of which is a playing-card embroidered on the left side of the bodice, an ace of hearts the size of a solitaire pack. In cloudy weather she may put on a gown in black and white with checks as large as those of a chessboard and with clasps of domino pieces at the shoulders and at the waist. One of her most effective 'get-ups' is a plain white tailor-made, ornamented here and there with dabs of red sealing-wax, stamped with different seals.

It is a mistake to believe that you can get what you want at Kunigunde's. You get what she wants to sell and nothing else. I went there firmly determined to buy a dark, practical, durable coat, suitable for summer evenings abroad as well as for the incalculable fall weather of Sweden. I left her in a long, flowing cloak of white *crêpe marocain*, profusely trimmed with marabou in the same color. And so strong is the power of speech over the mind that after Kunigunde's persuasions this garment seemed to me to be the only one that filled the demands of the present as well as those of the future.

Experience was soon to upset this optimistic notion. A dark coat might have defied the stream of steak juice which a bungling waiter poured over my back, but the white swan could not. Worried, I took the coat on my arm and went out into the town to locate a dry-cleaning place. I decided to try one on whose front window I read this sign: —

THERÈSE PÉROUX
MAISON DE CONFIANCE

A plain, middle-aged woman of the Southern type assured me with confi-

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dence-inspiring gruffness that the coat could easily be cleaned *au sec*. But when a few days later I went to call for it I was confronted with a garment which appeared to have been lying on the bottom of the sea. It was in a state of dissolution. It had opened in all the seams, the marabou hung in brown, sticky tufts, and a slimy dark liquid made a network of lines in the white satin.

Well knowing that an attack is the best means of defense when you are guilty, the dark woman broke out into a torrent of reproaches:—

'Ah, madame, you have got me into a fine mess with your wretched coat. I have had two gowns ruined through being cleaned at the same time. The marabou was not genuine. It was glued, you understand. The dressmaker, *la misérable*, has had the unheard-of effrontery to sell you a glued piece of marabou!'

She threw the coat at me in a paper wrapper, which at once became brown from the dissolved glue, and added, 'There is only one thing a *couturière* like that deserves, and that is a whipping.'

Unable to express in a foreign tongue what stirred in my heart, I took the package and went straight to Kunigunde. She sat at her desk, wearing the pagoda dress, set off by a pair of gold-embroidered Chinese slippers with upturned, tufted tips. I opened the package and she observed the abomination of destruction. She let out a scream which made the entire atelier come to her rescue. All except Ferdinand, who lazily remained seated, smoking.

When I had related what had happened she cried, 'Ah, these dry-cleaners! *Elles sont des voleuses*, madame. Yes, to be sure the marabou was glued. Did I ever pretend that it was not? Does she not know, *la misérable*, that one always rips it off and then cleans it separately in talc? Have you ever heard, girls, or you, Ferdinand, that one dips an entire coat, trimmings and all, in benzine?'

The girls all cried out shrilly, taking Heaven as witness that they had never, never witnessed anything so shocking — *jamais, jamais*, madame.

'And you, madame,' continued Kunigunde, 'have accepted this coat, which is no longer a *manteau* but a repulsive stew? You have been so angelically kind, so inexplicably *faible* as to accept it back in this state? You have not demanded that she pay you back every sou it has cost you? What has she said in her defense, *la misérable?*'

With a truthfulness that was partly induced by the excitement of the moment I replied: 'She only said that a *couturière* who sells such a coat ought to have a whipping.'

These words made Kunigunde explode: 'Do you hear, girls, do you hear, Ferdinand, *mon chéri*, that she wants your mother to have a whipping?'

So saying, Kunigunde kicked off one slipper with such vehemence that it almost knocked over one of the mannequins in the window, while the other flew straight into the rear of the workroom.

'*Ah, mais non! Pas ça!*' she shouted. And with the Frenchwoman's ingrown habit of repeating every stock phrase three times she continued, '*Ah, mais non! Pas ça! Ah, mais non! Pas ça!*'

She opened a wardrobe, took out a pair of red shoes with green toe-caps, snatched a Chinese parasol from the hands of a foolishly smiling mannequin, and said: 'This way, madame. Let us go and get an *explication* from this person who has ruined your coat.'

The 'person' had her shop on a little cross-street in the vicinity. On the sidewalks sat *des petits bourgeois* in their shirt-sleeves drinking beer. Directly opposite was an open stand with a display of glassware, hand-painted

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baskets, and other watering-place souvenirs. The woman in charge was reading the *feuilleton* in *Le Journal*. In her lap lay a large sleeping cat. Everything was peaceful in the noonday sunshine.

But like a whirlwind Kunigunde tore into the shop of the dry-cleaner, while I discreetly remained in the doorway.

'*Voici la couturière qui mérite des coups, madame!*' she hurled out as an introduction.

And then it began: —

'Do you call that cleaning *au sec*, madame? Do you not know that one cleans white marabou in talc, madame? You have asserted that I do not know my trade, but I wish to state that I have made garments in Nice and in Alier-sur-Mer for twenty years, madame.'

'And I owned this business when you were still an errand-girl on rue du Bac, madame,' replied Madame Péroux with a chilling sneer.

'Then you must have had time to ruin many clothes,' replied Kunigunde. 'But this time you will have to pay for the coat, or else you will get into trouble, madame. That you can be sure of.'

'I'll pay for the coat when you pay for the dresses that were spoiled through your miserable glued imitation marabou, madame.'

'You can be sure that my *clientèle* — and I have the entire Alier-sur-Mer as *clientes* — will henceforth beware of your fake dry-cleaning place,' threatened Kunigunde.

A dark wave of blood washed over the rough face of Madame Péroux.

'And you, madame, who deceive honest folk with your *sacrés chiffons*, your colors that won't wash, your fake marabou, your cheap Parisian trash — I wish I could cry out so that all Alier-sur-Mer could hear me what a humbug you are, madame.'

It seemed to me I was no longer the plaintiff in this Southern trade-quarrel. I began to take an interest in the show as a piece of drama. The two women seemed to me to represent the two extremes between which the Frenchwoman oscillates in numberless variations. On one side was the Parisian art-product, artificial even to decadence, perfumed, massaged, manicured; all rouge, nerves, and temper; a sleek tiger-cat that can be stroked or made to claw. On the other side was the woman of the common people, the woman of the South as Maupassant has described her; obstinate, mean, sharp-tongued, unashamed in her scorn for the conventionalities, hating the culture that radiates from the capital. I seemed to see in her the peasant wife of Daudet's *Sapho*, clenching her fist against the nest of sin and vanity called Paris. She had the sculptured, almost masculine boniness that characterizes the countrywomen in Southern France. She seemed almost carved in wood by some artist like the one from Döderhult [a Swedish peasant woodcarver who has attracted wide attention]. Despite the July heat she was dressed in a jacket and skirt of the gray mixed woolen which is worn by washerwomen, market peddlers, and women who work in gardens. In my imagination I pictured the large, flat, always crêpe-ornamented straw-hat she wore when she went to church on Sundays.

She opened the gate in the counter and approached her antagonist with a menacing air. Kunigunde retired with these words: 'Do you make good for the coat, madame? *Oui ou non?*'

Madame Péroux's reply was a burst of laughter, more eloquent than words. Kunigunde judged it the part of wisdom to make a graceful leap out into the street. But despite her retreat she seemed to challenge her adversary to a duel as she shouted at her triumphantly: —

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'This very evening I will send you my lawyer, madame!'

The Döderhult figure filled the doorway, her arms akimbo, and her head was on a level with the sign, *Maison de Confiance*. She yelled so loud that the cat jumped in the lap of the souvenir woman across the street.

'*Je m'en fiche*, madame!'

Kunigunde opened her Chinese parasol and with an intimacy born of common misfortune put her arm in mine.

'That is the worst thing about these persons who do dry-cleaning. They are such coarse, uneducated individuals,' she said.

She then showed her horror at the trade by relating various incidents leading one to suppose that the criminality curve must be very high among those who devote their lives to cleaning *au sec*.

'But let us drop this *triste* subject,' she then remarked. 'For the time being the most important thing is that Madame gets another coat, *n'est-ce pas*? I'll make you a new coat, exactly like the one you had, and then it will be that person who will have to pay for it. You can be sure that my attorney will effect a settlement. If there is a lawsuit she will get her name in the papers, and that she cannot afford.'

Meekly I followed Kunigunde to her atelier, to be measured for a new coat. The lazy Ferdinand sat, as usual, calmly smoking in the midst of his harem. The seamstresses buzzed around us to find out what had happened. With the usual one-sided emphasis on the superiority of her own style of dialectics which is typical of temperamental people when they summarize a quarrel they have had, Kunigunde reported the interview. But when she came to the final crushing remark about the lawyer, Ferdinand for the first time took the cigarette out of his mouth and said: —

'*Mais, maman, il ne faut rien exagérer!*'

It was plain that his masculine brain was already occupied with the juridical realities and that in his bottommost soul lay the seed of a doubt as to the absolute innocence of a *couturière* who sells glued marabou.

When I returned a few days later to try on coat No. 2, Kunigunde was all cordiality and smiles. But she said not a word about the lawyer. When I was about to leave, she remarked in a tone as if she were doing me a great favor: 'You had such bad luck with the first coat — to be sure it was through no fault of mine — but I am disposed to give you a little *soulagement* by letting you have this one for a hundred francs less.'

I made some remark about awaiting the outcome of the lawyer's *démarche*, whereupon Kunigunde raised her eyebrows as if she were trying to remember something.

'The lawyer? Ah yes, sure enough, the lawyer. But of course it was not my coat that was ruined, but yours. How could I start a lawsuit on account of someone else?' she added with a slightly reproachful tone in her voice.

I understood that there was nothing for me to do but pay her in cash, which I did. With a stream of compliments she thanked me. But at once she became a little distracted, for a lady and gentleman, presumably good customers, were entering the shop. With the expression of a hostess overflowing with cordiality, and about to receive guests in her castle, she went to meet them.

'Madame, I felt in my bones that you were coming to-day. I have had you in my mind ever since morning and only a few minutes ago I said to my little assistant here, "Yvette, *ma petite*," I said, "take that red georgette-crêpe gown out of the window. I want only Madame to have it."'

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When I shut the door behind me I said to myself, 'Never again will I put my foot in that place.' But when I had taken a few steps down the street I knew that was not true. If I come to Alier-sur-Mer next season I know that Kunigunde will once more ensnare me in her nets, dazzle and persuade me as she did this year when she made me buy in the course of two weeks two white coats instead of the single dark one I needed. And in the *Maison de Confiance* Madame Péroux will continue to dip the light *chiffons* in her destructive tub of benzine, with the same impunity as this year. Thus the two will continue to coöperate in spite of their incompatible contrasts. Because the Frenchwoman is always French whether she comes from the Midi or Paris. And in the final account it is we, the *poires*, who have to pay the fiddlers.

A YARDSTICK IN THE HEAVENS

BY WILLIAM J. S. LOCKYER

From *Discovery, December*
(London Scientific Monthly)

[The writer is director of the Norman Lockyer Observatory, at Salcombe Hill, Sidmouth.]

A knowledge of the distances of the stars is one of the most essential requirements of modern astronomy, and its importance in the problem of exploring and understanding the universe is fundamental.

Otherwise it would be difficult, if not impossible, to obtain any information concerning the actual brightness of the stars or their sizes, masses, densities, and other characteristics — all essential parts of any intelligent account of the universe, and without which our knowledge would be wholly parochial.

Acting on the assumption that the brighter a star is, therefore the nearer it must be to us, the early astronomers made an attempt to arrive at an approximate acquaintance with the distances and consequent distribution of the stars in the universe. Even then no idea of their actual distances was secured, but simply their relative distances.

Observations of the stars, night after night and year by year, by means of the transit instrument or transit circle, led astronomers to determine the position of stars with very great accuracy. It was soon noticed that some stars changed their places owing to the fact that they were moving comparatively quickly; it was therefore concluded that their motion was apparent because these particular stars were nearer to us, just as the motion of a man walking at a distance of a hundred yards is more easily observed than one walking at a distance of a mile. It was found that it was not necessarily the bright stars which exhibited the greatest motion, so that the assumption made by the earlier astronomers was proved to be untenable.

The first successful attempt to determine the distance or 'parallax' of a

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star was accomplished by Bessel in the year 1837. He showed that the star 61 Cygni, a star of about the fifth magnitude, had a parallax of about one third of a second of arc. This is a very small quantity to measure, but it is really large as regards the parallax of a star. The method he adopted was exactly similar in principle to the processes of surveying land at the present day. As stars are immense distances away from us, a short base-line is of no avail, so he employed the largest one possible. This consisted of a length equal to a line joining the positions of the earth at opposite points of its orbit, that is, a base-line of 186 millions of miles.

The process of observation consisted in determining at a certain time the exact position of the star in question and then making similar measurements six months later. The apparent change of position due to the translation of the observer gave a value of its distance. This method is known as the 'absolute method' and may be considered one of the most difficult operations in the whole field of practical astronomy.

The method of 'parallactic motion,' which is the apparent movement of the stars due to the velocity of the solar system as a whole in space, is another means of obtaining trustworthy values of the average distance of a group of stars, though not of individual members.

At a later date another process for determining stellar distances was evolved, called the 'differential method.' For this the position of the star to be studied was measured in relation to neighboring stars at different times of the year.

The application of photography to astronomical problems has greatly facilitated this method, because by photographing the star region at the specified times the position of the star in question in relation to the other stars on the plate can be measured at leisure.

In spite of the great length of the base-line, the values of the parallaxes are so small that they are extremely difficult to measure. Not only must very great care be exercised in the observations themselves, but every possible source of personal and instrumental error has to be taken into account and eliminated as far as possible. As the observations have to be spread over at least six months, the determination of every single parallax is a lengthy process.

In the year 1914 the spectroscope was first applied to the determination of stellar distances, and this new method, now coming into more general use, was originated and developed by Professor W. S. Adams and other astronomers at the Mount Wilson Observatory, in California. By its means parallaxes can be obtained with comparative ease and rapidity.

The spectrum of a star is obtained by passing the light of a star through a prism or train of prisms attached to a telescope. A star's light is thus spread out into a long band of light having the colors of a rainbow, extending from violet at one end through indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange to red at the other end. This band is the analysis of the light of the star and is termed its 'spectrum.'

Throughout this spectrum lines or bands can be observed in different parts of it, and these by their positions indicate the presence in the star of particular substances such as gases, metals, and so forth.

The spectra of many thousands of stars have been photographed, and, astonishing to relate, these spectra can be classified into so few as approximately fifteen different types. The type of spectrum is indicative of the temperature of the star. It is now

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known that stars which give gaseous lines in their spectra are hot, those that exhibit metallic lines are cooler, and those that indicate bands are cooler still.

Now the life of a star consists first in increasing its temperature or getting hotter; then a maximum temperature is attained, after which it cools and the star eventually becomes invisible. It will be seen, therefore, that if two stars have the same temperature it is quite possible that one star may be getting hotter while the other is becoming cooler. This is a very common occurrence.

The peculiarity about stars at the beginning of their careers is that they are of great size or volume and have very small density: the older they get the smaller becomes their volume and the greater their density. Thus *young* stars are very much bigger than *old* stars, and this had led astronomers to call the former 'giants' and the latter 'dwarfs.'

Now it is quite easy to understand that, if a giant star and a dwarf star of the same temperature were placed at equal distances from us, the former would outshine the latter on account of his greater size, or in other words the giant would have a greater 'intrinsic' brightness.

If all the stars had the same individual intrinsic brightness, then the nearer stars would be the brightest and the most distant the faintest, and the original assumption of the earlier astronomers mentioned before would have been correct. But stars differ very considerably in intrinsic brightness. If, therefore, all the stars were placed at the same distance from the earth, they would appear of different magnitudes, or would have, as it is called, different 'absolute magnitudes.' The unit of distance adopted by astronomers is that distance where the parallax would be o″.1, and the absolute magnitude of any star is its apparent magnitude when reduced to this unit distance.

Now if the distance of a star is known, as it may be by one of the methods previously described, and if, also, its apparent magnitude is known, as is the case with most stars, then it is quite easy to determine the star's absolute magnitude.

The principle on which the new method is founded is that the intrinsic brightness of a star has an appreciable effect on its spectrum. Thus, if two stars have the same type of spectrum or have approximately the same temperature, but differ greatly in luminosity, they will probably differ greatly in size, density, and in depth of their surrounding gaseous atmospheres. If this be so, then their spectra should exhibit variations in the intensity and character of such lines as are peculiarly sensitive to the physical conditions of the gases in which they find their origin, in spite of the general correspondence between the two spectra.

It has been found by Hertzsprung and Adams and Kohlschütter that certain lines in stellar spectra do give indications of variation with absolute magnitude.

An examination of these spectra shows that certain lines are more intense if a star is of great absolute magnitude than if it is of small absolute magnitude. By measuring the intensities of these lines with respect to other lines in the spectrum, it is possible to determine the true absolute magnitudes of the stars. Having obtained thus the absolute magnitude, and knowing the apparent magnitude, then the parallax can be easily determined.

The first step in the process is to have available a classification of star spectra like that previously mentioned based on detailed measurements of line

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intensities. Such a classification already exists and is rapidly being extended.

It is next necessary to construct a series of reduction curves for each type or class of spectrum, or for small groups of types. These curves are based on the calculation of absolute magnitudes of stars from known data such as the apparent magnitudes, and the trigonometrical parallaxes and the relative intensities of selected pairs of lines carefully measured.

Having now formed these curves, it is then a simple matter to measure the intensities of special lines in any star spectrum and determine the star distance.

Naturally greater accuracy is obtained when more than one photograph is examined and several pairs of lines in them are used, but this involves very little extra labor.

The rapidity with which the determinations of parallax can be secured, when once the fundamental curves are formed, is far in excess of that of the older methods.

The large powerful telescopes of the present day are capable of photographing the spectra of very faint stars, so that a rapid survey of the whole heavens, at any rate to stars of about the seventh magnitude, will be accomplished in the near future.

Any observatory that possesses a large number of stellar spectra can utilize them for this purpose.

A little more than a year ago the spectroscopic determinations of stellar parallaxes were confined entirely to the United States, at the Observatories of Mount Wilson and Harvard College. The Astrophysical Observatory at Victoria, B.C., has recently proposed to work up their spectra in this research.

In this country the only observatory that has been and still is occupied with this work is the Norman Lockyer Observatory at Sidmouth, but the Director of Stonyhurst College Observatory has recently announced his intention of taking up this subject.

At the Sidmouth Observatory the parallaxes of 500 stars have already been determined and published by the Royal Astronomical Society, and another similar number will soon be completed.

An interesting point in connection with this observatory's work is that the measurements of the intensity differences between pairs of lines are being made by a method, originated by the writer, which is different from either of those used at the American observatories. Thus a comparison between the American and Sidmouth values is of special interest.

This opportunity may be taken to point out the valuable assistance which was given by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, which rendered possible the undertaking of this research on so large a scale.

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THE LITERATURE OF THE BASQUES

BY FRANÇOIS VALLIÉ

From *La Revue Mondiale, February* 15
(PARIS CURRENT-AFFAIRS FORTNIGHTLY)

IT is evening. The shadows are falling over a lonely dwelling, half farmhouse, half fortress, which clings to the flank of the mountain. All is silence. Suddenly a song rings out. Is it an appeal, a defiance, or a war cry? Coming from lusty lungs, it resounds, is modulated and prolonged to the last breath. Another — a far-off reply. What is this mad cry that no one can hear without trembling?

It is the *irrinzina.* And what does the irrinzina mean? It means that in this wild place an ancient race has its abode, a race whose sons retain the customs of ancestors long since vanished.

But come closer with me, and listen for a moment. Inside the farmhouse they are husking corn. The people are talking in an unknown language, a language as strange as the song that we have just heard. It has no relationship with any tongue we know. Its careless inflections are like the caress of a gentle wave beneath an August sun, yet it has a dull sound like the pebbles hurled against the rock by an angry sea.

Where are we? We are in a land where the names of the villages and the names of the families themselves are redolent of Asia, distant in both space and time. Dancharinea, Inoha, Beobie — these are the names of villages. Irizabal, Mendizabal, Ithuralde — these are the names of the families. Do not the names of ancient Eastern civilizations rise before you? Once more, where are we? We are in the ancient fatherland of the sons of Aitor, we are in Eskuarian territory. We are in France, in the Basque country.

Do not try to understand the language, for it is a strange dialect of inexplicable origin, which you will find as beset with pitfalls, as full of perils, as the coast where it is spoken. The Devil himself, so runs the story, gave up the attempt to learn Basque. Do you wish more definite information? The language has four conjugations, according to whether you are speaking to a woman, a child, an equal, or a superior. Each name has six nominatives and twelve different cases. Prepositions, conjunctions, and the characters of the alphabet are declinable like nouns or adjectives, and may be conjugated like verbs. The adjectives have twenty cases. The noun changes according to whether it stands for a person or a thing.

What a dreadful mix-up, you say. Do not think so. This 'ingenious, immense, and complicated machine,' as Philarete Charles calls it, — though it may present difficulties to outsiders, — is easy enough for those who are born to it. It imposes no obligatory construction on them; it is as supple as it is rich — a marvelous organ which by virtue of its ingenious devices, its multiple transformations and delicate combinations, traverses all the nuances of fact and of idea.

Such a language on the lips of dwellers in a legendary land where there is poetry at every step could not be without its singers, and even on first acquaintance it is evident that the sons of Aitor must sing. They sing in church,

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they sing at their work, they sing at their fêtes, they sing by the light of the moon.

And in the evening when the farmhouse is shrouded in mystery, while the young girls in different groups are husking corn, their pure voices ring out in light and laughing songs, and then in the languorous plaints of lovers. These are the old Basque songs which have come down to our day by virtue of a music that is filled with emotion, a music that is related to that of the Bretons and of the Slavs, and to all the melodies written in the ancient Greek modes, though the Basque song has not the profound despair or the cruel bitterness of Russian or Breton airs. Its gayety is serene, its raillery is smiling, its melancholy is tender. All sadness here is enveloped in warm sunlight.

What are these songs about? Love of home or family, tenderness for the beloved. They scoff at the rejected lover or at the suitor who but a little time before has sung beneath the window of another lady fair. To translate them would be to strip them of their flowers. Charles Bordes has collected the most beautiful in a charming volume called *Douze chansons amoureuses du pays basque*.

Here are the echoes of the past — echoes always young, always true, of a soul which, except in the great cities, has scarcely changed — and the tradition has been retained, the same note kept up by the poets of to-day. With the same music — for all Basque poetry is lyric — these poets have for hundreds of years been expressing the purity of their morals, the strictness of their characters, and the naïveté of their hearts.

The Basque mind, ever faithful to its own likeness, has continued to express itself in the same way.

The Basque poets are innumerable. Each village has its *coblacari*, its improvisers, who love to contend in lyric bouts where each takes up the theme in turn. Given some banal motive, they are quick to adorn it with sonorous rhymes and picturesque expressions which have more brio than talent. The educated Basques, writing in a chaster form, pursue a higher line of thought, though even their lyrics are always marked by the charm of an extreme simplicity.

The most celebrated among all of their modern poets, the most remarkable in richness of versification, in emotion, and in intense evocation of the peaceful customs of the Basque country, is Elissamburu, who lived in the last century and was at first captain in the Imperial Guard and then *juge de paix*.

His poetry is akin to that of the old Basques, celebrating the land, the family, and the joy of existence. The most popular of Elissamburu's songs, the one that has been heard in every Eskuarian house, — and also the most typical and the one that marvelously expresses the sentiments dear to the hearts of the sons of Aitor, — is called *Nere Etchea*, that is, 'My House.' It says simply: —

> You see in the morning, at the rising of the dawn, on a little mountain, a little house with a white porch among four oak trees. A white dog before the door, a fountain at one side — that is where I live in peace.
>
> It may not be a castle, but I love my birthplace, chosen by my ancestors. Outside my house, I seem to be lost. I was born there. There will I quit the world, if I don't lose my wits.
>
> Nowhere on earth is there prince or king so happy as I. I have a wife, I have a son, I have a daughter [the chief pride of a Basque family] too. I have good health and money enough. What could I have more?

Are not these lines, even when stripped of their rhythm and their sound by translation, still moving, and do they not call up a picture of quiet peace and simple happiness? But how

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surprising to find that this traditional poet wrote what is probably the first republican song this corner of the Pyrenees ever heard. He found strength and vigor to celebrate liberty in his song called *Lehen eta orai*. Elissamburu was a true poet who had the misfortune to live in a period when regionalism was not a literary fashion, and that is why he remained unknown. Among the other interesting writers, now dead, we may mention Canon Adema, a satirist, Guelbeau, Larralde, and Dibarrart.

But Basque poetry did not die with them. On the contrary, it seems to have become conscious of itself, for poets' societies began to be formed, notably the *Euskalzaleen-bilzarra* (Association of Basque Speakers), which united all those — and there are many of them — who speak the Eskuarian language.

The President of this Association is M. Étienne Decrept, of whom we shall presently have occasion to speak at greater length, and there are other poets, like the Abbé Elissalde, vicar of Ustaritz, and Abbé Barbier, curé of St.-Pé-sur-Nivelle. I wish to quote one charming work of the latter which suggests both the attachment which the Basques feel for their dead and the curious feeling of fondness for their cemeteries.

THE BASQUE CEMETERIES

The crosses are linked each to each with flowers and white thorn. The light of the dead, like the light of the sun, covers our cemeteries.

During the summer nights the star of heaven covers the heaps of earth with dew. One can truly say that the tears of the next of kin have been gathered up by the earth of the land of the dead.

Every Sunday the village comes here. The villagers never cease to talk of their affairs, and the dead man stirs in his tomb because he hears his children close to him.

You can hear the irrinzina in the black night, the same that the ancestors sang. All the dead have fallen asleep in the cemetery. The Basques are always those of other times.

There is in all this a marked influence from our modern literature. One feels a sophisticated and tender, rather than a naïve, eye resting upon these ancient customs, but we must be thankful to M. Barbier for giving us his own thought and his own feelings rather than a servile imitation of the past. While we are on the subject of innovations, let us mention one good Basque poet who is not a Basque at all, M. Julien Vinson, now a professor in the Collège de France.

Proving himself cleverer than the Devil, M. Vinson was able to learn the Eskuarian language while he was inspector in the Basses-Pyrénées. The purity of his diction is without reproach.

He has tried to introduce a new form in Basque literature, the sonnet (*hamalaurcuna*), and to alternate sonorous with mute rhymes in order to make up for the masculine and feminine endings which the Basque language does not offer.

With the introduction of new forms we must return to the poet Étienne Decrept, not unknown in Parisian literary circles, for he writes also in French, though thoroughly devoted to his native speech. He undertook several years ago to give it a new distinction by creating dramatic poetry in Basque.

Some have tried to see in this attempt a resurrection of the pastoral, the village drama which was formerly much honored, but M. Decrept views their opinion with indignation. The pastoral, he says, the tragedies of Béarne and their derivative form, the *souletines*, are nothing but crude imitations of French tragedy. An attempt has been made to copy the Alexandrine. This is not a pure spring of Basque literature.

The poetic form of M. Decrept's drama is essentially Basque. It has the

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rhythm and the tune of popular poetry. It does not break with the Basque tradition which demands that all poetry should be sung, because its verses are written to be set to music, and even the dialogue takes its form from the Basque custom of improvisations by two poets, a poetic fashion which was familiar in the countries where the langue d'oc was spoken and of which Mistral has made use in his *Mireille*. M. Decrept has made generous use of this process, and with great success. His plays consist of a series of songs for one or more persons, mingled with choruses and spoken dialogue which gives his work great rustic dignity.

The play which is most popular in all the Basque country is *Maitena*. This represents the struggle between a father jealous of his authority and a rebellious daughter who is in love, but who, nevertheless, even in her rebellion has a wholesome respect for the paternal hearth.

Maitena loves Domingo, the *pelotari*, but Domingo is poor, of obscure birth (every Basque farmer takes enormous pride in his long line of ancestors), and has a reputation for frivolity.

Piarres, Maitena's father, prefers as a suitor the rich farmer Ganich. If Maitena is not willing to marry Ganich, she must go away, and Maitena does run away with Domingo. They emigrate to South America — the traditional destination of the Basques.

Five years have passed. After a thousand trials and a bitter deception, Maitena returns as a widow to her native village. Her father refuses to receive her.

Now Ganich, who is still in love, offers the poor woman a place at his fireside, which Maitena will not accept. A daughter who has been cursed and driven from her father's house, she would dishonor the dwelling of Ganich. She is about to disappear, when Piarres, no longer capable of sacrificing a father's love to his ideas of the respect due his house and his ancestors, with a sudden cry calls his child back. Reinstated by his pardon, Maitena can marry Ganich.

There is a simple greatness of emotion and of truth in this work. The end, especially, is fine, for in the characters is nobly and exactly depicted the stoicism of the Basque peasant.

For the play M. Charles Colin has composed music inspired by the old songs of the country, and close to tradition. His music is lively and tender by turns, and remains naïve even in its dramatic moments, which retain an almost classic sobriety. There is nothing of the conventional operetta about it. It is a sincere piece of work that springs straight from the old soul of the Pyrenees.

There have been productions in Spanish at Bilbao and Pamplona, and in French at Hendaye, but for lack of actors no one has ever been able to give a performance with the original text.

Other dramas have been written by these same collaborators: *Amatchi* and *Semetchia*, as well as a trilogy, *Leyorian*, each part of which represents one of the three Basque provinces of France. . . . The last of these plays is *Lili*. It describes the Basque country as it is today; and from the following extract it is possible to see how patriarchal — even in our day — are the feelings of the people. There is no *pastiche* here, but a remnant, still inviolate, of the old Basque spirit which lingers even now in many a village whither the foreigner has not yet made his way: —

MICHEL (*to* LILI):

Close then thy wings, dear Lili, and become
The heart of this great house. Sadness to joy
You have transformed, and buried all our pain.

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Open no more the tomb where sorrow
bides.
Become the sovereign lady of us all.
A mother you shall be, one day, and
children,
Yours and mine, shall in the days to come
Be lovers, and those virtues, fair and
strong,
That our race bears within itself shall all
Appear in you. Lili! What wondrous
fruits
—So many more than ever we shall
pluck —
Our land of Elissalde shall some day bear
—If you but fold your wings!

M. Decrept, who does not stick at innovations, now proposes to free Basque poetry from its servitude to music, perhaps because of the difficulties which music adds to the representation of his plays. He wishes to write works which are purely poetic. His poetry is to suffice for itself.

The Basque country, alas, is too beautiful with its proud mountains, its jagged coastline, its bays opened out over the immense blue of the ocean. The foreigner is making his way in, and already the old language is changing. Above the voice of the poets another voice imposes itself: the voice of Jazz, with its obsessing rhythm, a symbol of everything that is brutal, coarse, and lamentable in modernity. This voice resounds even now upon the seacoast. Soon it will force itself into the interior. One's heart contracts at the thought that Jazz may corrupt Basque literature — may even strangle it; that this thousand-year-old language with its traditions from another age, conserved as if by a miracle in this little corner of the earth, will, after twenty years of this penetration, vanish from the surface of the earth. Yet is there not a regrettable emphasis on authority among the Eskuarians? Liberty must come in. The Basque soul must evolve. But does evolution inevitably mean disappearance? No, evolution may perhaps mean persistence.

Poets understand this because, with their new forms, they wish to give life and integrity to the old language of the Basques. Will they succeed? Whatever may happen, this awakening of a literature which seeks to maintain itself, to raise its voice again, is profoundly touching, and we owe double homage to the Basque poets, courageous and devoted, who put all their soul into what may perhaps be but a swan song.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

FANTASY

BY LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE

[*Observer*]

Loose the wild magic of your mind,
  And set your straining fancy free,
Or it will die — unkind! unkind! —
  Of this enforced captivity;
Forget the firelight's glow and gleam,
  The shining room, the polished floors,
Throw wide the window — fling your dream
  Amazed and struggling out of doors!

Will it return? — It may be when
  The glad birds sing at nesting-time. —
I shall live lonely amongst men. —
  Then set your loneliness to rhyme;
Until through waste of wind and foam
  And worn with wanderings overlong,
Your dream at last shall flutter home
  To find a refuge in your song!

A MUSICAL CRITIC ANTICIPATES ETERNITY

BY ABEL REUTER

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

If Someone, Something, somehow (as Man dreams) —
Some architectonic spirit-strength omniscient, —
Has wrought the clouded stars and all that seems
World, Universe, and Life (poor, blind, deficient) —
  If this be thus, and Music thrills the spheres,
  And I go thither when my toes have trod
  Past Death, — what chords might ecstasize my ears!
  What oratorios of Almighty God!

Yet, seeing that all goes not too well on earth
In this harmonic venture known as Time,
I'm not too optimistic of the worth
Of problematic symphonies sublime:
  And, though I listen aureoled and meek
  To compositions by the Holy Trinity,
  Who knows but I may write (in my critique) —
  '*The music was devoid of all divinity*'?

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TO BURY LIVY NOT TO PRAISE HIM

THE lost books of Livy — as all the world by this time is aware — are still just as completely lost as they ever were; but there remains a dismal interest in observing the extent to which the good and great among the learned have been hoodwinked by the supposed discoverer, the mischievous Dr. di Martino-Fusco. Everything about this odd affair is extremely dubious. Even the first press-dispatches differed as to just what Dr. di Martino-Fusco had found, where he had found it, how he was led to the supposed discovery, and the way in which the news leaked out; while, once the persecuted savant had taken to hiding, newspaper correspondents in Italy relieved their imaginations of all brakes and indulged in as astonishing a series of dispatches as ever set the cables — and the hearts of scholars — to palpitating.

About the year 31 B. C. one Titus Livius, a Paduan with a boundless thirst for historical information, went to dwell in Rome under the Emperor Augustus, a broad-minded despot, who forgave his unconcealed republican views, and helped along his researches. Livy wrote 142 books, containing the history of Rome from legendary times to the first part of the reign of Augustus — and thereby he made miserable the Freshman year of many a college boy. But between the seventh and the fifteenth centuries — partly, perhaps, because Providence had a sneaking sympathy with the generations of Freshmen yet to be born — all but thirty-five of these books disappeared. Tradition affirms that Pope Gregory I burned all he could lay hands on; but it is more likely that, in the days before printing, the difficulty of transcribing so enormous a work had more to do with its loss — which was very likely a gradual process — than any Pope, however stern. In 1772 part of one of the lost books turned up in the Vatican library, and from that time until August 21, 1924, there has been no trace of any more of Livy's works.

On this historic date, however, the London *Times* published a statement that manuscripts of the entire 142 books had been discovered by an Italian scholar hight Dr. Mario di Martino-Fusco. Apparently the supposed discoverer had breathed a word or two about what he hoped to find in the ear of a friend whose discretion left something to be desired. This conversation found its way into print with a slight difference: it was stated that Dr. di Martino-Fusco had actually realized his hopes; and this fact some enterprising reader of the learned journal cabled to London. When by this circuitous route the news reached the Italian press there was a fine to-do. Italian journalists, furious at the thought of being scooped by their foreign brethren, set out upon the trail of the archæologic doctor, demanding enlightenment. After them came the officials, likewise clamoring for enlightenment — for Italian law is very strict in archæological matters and the classical discovery of the century could not be allowed to leave the country. Dr. di Martino-Fusco speedily woke up to the fact that he had distinctly started something.

Amid the hullabaloo that followed, a few facts — or what then appeared to be facts — were to be picked out of

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a congeries of conflicting statements. Dr. di Martino-Fusco was supposed to have discovered something. Report said it was the lost works of Livy. Somebody's active imagination threw in for good measure a life of Christ written by a contemporary. Somebody else, feeling that this was not quite enough, added a life of Saint Januarius to the treasure-trove — just why, nobody is able to make out. It was now announced that the discovery had taken place months before, but that the discoverer had kept it secret while engaged in the lengthy task of preparing the manuscripts for publication.

Accounts of the circumstances of the discovery were almost as various. According to one story, Dr. di Martino-Fusco became interested in the mediæval schools of calligraphy and through these studies hit on a trail which led him to the complete Livy. According to another, a fourteenth-century document furnished the key. Still a third story had it that the commanding officer of the ancient Neapolitan fortress of Castel dell' Ovo had noticed many old manuscripts in an old monastery within the fortress and had suggested the investigation. But as the elusive doctor had by this time disappeared entirely the rumors went on spreading, with no one to confirm or contradict them.

Italian authorities now took legal steps. The discoverer was suspected of trying to smuggle his find out of the country and customs officials were directed to exercise special precautions at all ports. Legally summoned to appear and give an account of his discovery, Dr. di Martino-Fusco sent his family lawyer instead.

About this time a certain Dr. Max Funke, hitherto unknown to fame, injected himself into the affair. In an article published in the *Leipziger Tageblatt* he declared he had visited Dr. di Martino-Fusco in his hiding-place, had seen the precious manuscripts, and had even been allowed to copy four lines from one. These lines, which he duly published, ran: '*Ubi multitudo hominum insperata occurrit audire Gallum de sancti Martini virtutibus locuturum* (When an unexpected crowd of persons turned up to hear Gallus preach about the virtues of Saint Martin).' This may seem a trifle remote from Livy, but it is the way in which learned English dons restored the incompletely intelligible text printed by Dr. Funke.

The lines caused an understandable excitement. No less an authority than Professor R. S. Conway of Manchester University pointed out that the number of letters in the two lines agreed with that usual in uncial writing on a two-column page, and that the vocabulary and style were very like Livy's. He was quick to note, however, a possible double meaning in the Latin. Was the reference to Saint Martin a cryptic hint at the name of Dr. di Martino-Fusco, and was the whole passage the work of a practical joker?

Then up rose Mr. A. E. Housman — whom most people know as one of the most distinguished English poets of our time, but whom scholars know as a finished classicist and a Cambridge Professor — to point out that the supposed extract from Livy was really a mere condensation of a passage from a dialogue by the fourth-century monk, Sulpicius Severus.

Dr. di Martino-Fusco asked 'to be left in peace to my work,' but things had gone too far for that. The police, never before notably enthusiastic over the classics, had searched his house to no avail and were now looking for him. The Doctor now appeared before an Inquiry Committee, which finally dismissed all his claims. It was decided that there never had been any Livy

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manuscripts to begin with! The Italian Government issued an acid communiqué in which it referred bitingly to the unfortunate scholar's 'unspeakable nonchalance,' accused him of inexpertness, and complained that he had 'avoided the opportunity of making a resolute contradiction.' The fury of the Italian press may be imagined. Papers that had been skeptical throughout the whole affair hooted in their glee. Those that had accepted the story were correspondingly chagrined and naturally took it out of poor Dr. di Martino-Fusco. A fair sample of what they said is to be found in this bit from the *Idea Nazionale:* —

If Fusco's declaration is false, legal action ought to be brought against him for attempting to hide a discovery which was the property of the State. If it is true, legal action ought to be taken against him for spreading news damaging to the good name of Italy. In either case we should like to see him put in prison.

It is safe to surmise that Dr. di Martino-Fusco will announce no more discoveries for a long time to come. And yet there are still those who cannot help wondering whether there may not be something more than meets the eye, hidden away under all the fuss and fury of the press debates.

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THE CRITIC'S DILEMMA

Mr. Ernest Newman, musical critic of the *Sunday Times,* long famous as one of the two men in London who can write about music so that people will read, has lately accepted a six months' invitation to this country in the novel rôle of 'guest critic' of the *New York Evening Post.* Writing for a New York paper does not mean that the indefatigable Mr. Newman will stop his regular articles in the *Sunday Times.* Not at all. He will have to give up his reviews of London concerts, — since the radio is not yet perfect enough to make possible a critical opinion at the range of three thousand miles, — but the general articles which have made him famous will continue.

Meantime, in a kind of farewell article in the *Sunday Times,* he discourses on some of the difficulties of the critic. He is honest enough to admit that his professional brothers as well as himself make a mistake in writing too much about the performer and not enough about the music itself. But bad as this may be, he can find no way of avoiding it:—

But what is the poor critic to do? He is asked, as I say, to the concert to write about the concert, not about the music given at the concert. I can well believe that a mere report of a performance is not very interesting to the average reader. If he was at the concert himself he has his own opinion of how — in the language of the reporter — 'the various items were rendered.' He either agrees with the critic or disagrees with him. If he agrees with him, it has been a waste of time to read him. If he disagrees with him, he feels annoyed at the stupidity and malignancy of the critic, and wonders why respectable papers employ these hellhounds. If he was not at the concert, of what earthly interest can it be to him to know that Signor Trillo sang out of tune last Friday, or that Miss Catgutta, on Saturday afternoon, had not the least idea of the Brahms violin concerto?

For these, among other reasons, I myself hardly ever read concert notices. It is bad enough to have to write the dreadful stuff; to read it is impossible. If I was not at the concert, I do not care a brass farthing what the performance was like. If I was at the concert, I have my own opinion upon what I heard; and then my attitude toward my colleagues is very much that of the Caliph Omar toward all the books in the Alexandria library except the Koran; if my colleagues say what I say, they are superfluous; if they say the opposite to what I say, they are pernicious, and should be destroyed. Q. E. D.

As a rule, the critic would prefer to talk

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about the work rather than about the performance. But if he is going to do that, why go to the concert? Why not head his notice, 'Mr. Brown's Recital,' print the programme, and then indulge in a fantasia of his own on the Bach fugue, the Scarlatti sonata, the Beethoven sonata, the Chopin études, and the Liszt rhapsody that the daringly original Mr. Brown has played? Well, in many cases this would be the best plan for everybody concerned. Mr. Brown would get the advertisement he wanted, and get it without any of those drops of gall in the cup that make him doubt whether it was worth while going to all that expense. The critic would have the pleasure of thinking about the music in its pure state, not in the state in which it reached him after being passed through the mind of Mr. Brown, which, perhaps, like a filter with a perverted idea of its proper function, brings impurities into the music that were not originally there.

Perhaps some day we may come to this. Perhaps some day the newspapers will see that it is as ridiculous to bar their critics from writing about Chopin until some piano teacher gives a Chopin recital as it would be to bar Mr. Chesterton or Mr. Lucas from writing about Dickens or Lamb until some suburban elocutionist hires a West End hall and gives a reading from one of those masters. But though the ideal thing would be for the critic to write about music instead of about musical performers, I do not want this ideal state of affairs to come in till I and my present colleagues are dead. Musical criticism is in large part a colossal comedy; but as it provides some of us with what may almost be described, in figurative language, as a living, we are not going to say, in public, a word in disparagement of it. We are noble fellows, but we draw the line at willing, like Wotan, our own destruction.

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THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE'S JULIET

Most readers of *Romeo and Juliet* have probably puzzled at one time or another over the extreme youth of the heroine who, Shakespeare says, was but fourteen years old; and probably some of the more skeptical have remained unsatisfied with the conventional explanation that Juliet was an Italian girl and that in southern Europe maturity comes quickly. Pedantic precision in climate or chronology was not by any means the Bard of Avon's forte.

All doubts are at length set at rest, however, by 'Affable Hawk,' who in his weekly page in the *New Statesman* points out that there was no need for Shakespeare to go so far afield as Italy to justify child-marriage. The Elizabethan writer, Philip Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, says: 'In Ailgna [*i.e.* Anglia, or England] there is one great liberty permitted therein; for little infants in swaddling clouts, are often married by their ambitious parents and frends, when they know neither good nor evil; and this is the origine of much wickedness. . . . And besydes this, you shall have every saucy boy of ten, fourteen, sixteen or twenty yeres of age, to catch up a woman and marie her, without any feare of God at all, or respect had, either to her religion, wisdom, integrity of lyfe, or any other virtue; or, which is more, without any respecte how they may lyve together with sufficient maintenance for their callings and estat.'

The custom of extremely youthful marriages did not die out during the following century. As late as 1659 the Countess of Buccleugh, then eleven years old, was married to Walter Scott, who was but fourteen. Sir John Evelyn, the diarist, attended the marriage of Lord Arlington's daughter when she was but five, and seven years later attended a remarriage ceremony of the same child-couple. Even in the eighteenth century Lady Sarah Cadogan was married at thirteen to the second Duke of Richmond, who was eighteen.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Unparliamentary Papers, by Captain Reginald Berkeley. London: Palmer, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*]

A VARIETY of subjects serve as fun-pegs for Captain Reginald Berkeley in *Unparliamentary Papers*, subjects covering politics, the drama, and famous people.

Most of the papers suggest the art of the caricaturist. Here is a quotation from the chapter on hats: —

> Look at Mr. Lloyd George. I have never actually seen him in one of his 'family' hats — but I know his hatted appearance intimately through a picture. It is a photograph representing 'the man who won the war' as a vigorous, smiling personage in a gray-tweed suit. It seems to be very much the kind of suit that you and I might select for golf. But — here distinction creeps in — the upper part of his body is swathed in something that resembles a horse blanket . . . and he is crowned with the headdress of a Tyrolean brigand.

The description at once suggests a caricature by, say, Bert Thomas.

There is truth in this from the chapter entitled 'The Woes of Whips': —

> There is a certain glamour in being styled a Whip. Your name and, fortunately, your photograph are published in the papers; you are given special facilities for entertaining your fellow members; if your party happens to be in power you hold a junior office in the Treasury.
>
> The Chief Whip, despite his responsibilities, has on the whole an interesting job. He is largely concerned with what is sometimes called the kitchen side of politics; but his function of linking up the Parliamentary party with the leader calls for high qualities. . . .
>
> The Junior Whips are devotees of a high order to their party's organization. Their task is a thankless one. They condemn themselves to well-nigh Trappist vows in the Chamber, because they are almost always at work outside it. They place themselves at everyone's beck and call. They are in demand to smooth out any difficulty that may arise.

Captain Berkeley, who is a successful playwright, speaks with authority of the dramatic agent. He describes him as a florid man in a super-silk hat.

> He receives the author with the gracious condescension of royalty greeting an inferior. The author, overcome at the honor which is being conferred, gratefully deposits his precious MS. in the luxurious plush-padded basket which is held out by an underling. The basket is reverently placed upon the table, mutual expressions of good-will are exchanged; the author is bowed out.
>
> Then the dramatic agent shakes the MS. out of the basket as though it were verminous, pitchforks it into the recess of a safe, locks the safe with a loud clang, and loses the key for two years.

Unparliamentary Papers is cleverly illustrated by Bohun Lynch. It can be taken away on the surety of good entertainment.

Ulysse Cafre, by Marius and Ary Leblond. Paris: Les Éditions de France, 1924.

[Paul Jamati in *La Revue Mondiale*]

THE authors of the *Miracle de la race*, and more recently of *Ophélia* and of *Fétiches*, raise in their latest novel, *Ulysse Cafre*, one of the most serious of colonial questions. Are the black peoples capable of improving in contact with the whites and under their guiding influence?

This is not a dissertation masked by a fable. Marius and Ary Leblond are too genuinely artistic to employ a clumsy symbolism which would merely blunt their argument. Let us have no more talk of the *roman à thèse*. That would rouse misunderstanding and the memory of works in which psychological truth was forced to a preconceived end. Although *Ulysse Cafre* is a naturalistic novel, in its careful exactness and quasi-scientific documentation, it is at the same time the most amazing novel of adventure and the most captivating epic that one could read. Ulysses, the Odyssey — the name was not chosen by chance.

Although the novel stands in the plane of reality, the reader is carried away by its lyricism. Ulysses, whose character includes all those traits which explain his evolution from savagery to civilization, seems to us like a hero. The priest, the Père des Vaysseaux, has so great a soul, and his brother, the 'Red Robe,' maintains unfalteringly so noble an attitude, that we find ourselves asking sometimes whether these portraits of white men may not be idealized; and then, on the other hand, Saint Ange, the sorcerer, is so frankly vile in his cruelty that here again we question the resemblance. How true the whole book is! Ulysses is a primitive, violent in the brutality of his instincts, violent in his superstri-

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tion, who remains violent even in the loftiest feelings that he attains. At each stage of his development he remains a primitive, and when he reaches the summit he is like an Homeric warrior or some champion in the *Chanson de Gestes*.

Throughout the plot of the novel, with all its writings, there is one general drama whose interest could not be confined to any particular part of our Colonial Empire — the drama of sorcery.

Wanderlight, by Ernest Raymond. London: Cassell, 1924. 7*s*. 6*d*.

[*English Review*]

HILARY DOWN, a second lieutenant of sappers, blew one of the giant Messines mines, met a very exceptional padre in a lonely billet, and, at an impressionable age, in the midst of horrors, decided to devote his life to the cause of life. He is an honest soul, and remains true to the memory of an emotional moment, goes to a minor theological establishment, takes deacon's orders, encounters two sorts of lovers, a great variety of minor and dignified clergy, and one tremendous temptation, but, being of a simple and direct habit of mind, loses the whole world and gains his own soul. All these spiritual adventures are in Mr. Raymond's hands perfectly delightful reading, for, while he resolves the depths of mystical and dogmatic faith and all the subtleties by which they adjust themselves to the needs of individuals, he keeps the picture sweet and seemly by outweighing his sinners with saints, or, at least, averaging up to a more than decent level of Anglican parsondom, of which attractive species he gives us an amusing gallery. What rebellion and insurgence there is in the book — and there is full measure — has no touch of the iconoclast. A capital story, a helpful survey, and a discreetly useful book by a man who does not forget and still hopes.

Spunyarn, by Sir H. F. Woods. Two volumes. London: Hutchinson and Co., 1924. 36*s*.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

AFTER reading two of the most fascinating volumes published for many a day, *Spunyarn*, in which Sir H. F. Woods breezily narrates his extraordinary career ashore and afloat, the reader will turn to the books of his boyhood — Henty, Ballantyne, Kingsley — with the conviction that they are the real repositories of the history of England's greatness.

These adventures read, for the most part, like a boy's book. Sir Henry was in the Navy in the sailing days. He was in Japan in its feudal times; he took part in the first horse-race there, colliding with the crowd on his pony; he took the first photographs ever taken in Tokyo. He saw the sea-serpent in the Javanese Sea — 'nearly fifty feet long and as thick in width as the largest of our coir hawsers.'

For years, with the rank of Admiral, he was naval adviser to Turkey, and it is obvious he has not told all he could about that country.

The volumes are worth reading for their entertaining stories alone. Here is one, descriptive of a visit to the Tumagong, the Malay Chief at Singapore, who had offered his horses to his naval visitors. but had evidently forgotten about it when they called: —

'There was no one who could speak English. I could stand it no longer, so decided upon a desperate attempt to reach the old man's understanding, and thus began, "Hi, Johnny! You savvy we want 'gee-gee'!" His Highness cocked up his ears, but looked bewildered. . . . The Tumagong could not catch on. Turning to my companion, "Look here," I said, "we shall never get the horses this way! Down you go on your marrowbones," giving him a push forward.

'Over he went, and as he placed himself in the familiar nursery attitude for daddy to give baby a ride, I sprang upon his back and began spurring him with my heels, while I beat him behind with an imaginary whip. The effect was magical. The old fellow dropped his pipe and tumbled over with laughter, nearly rolling off the divan. He clapped his hands — and the horses were forthcoming.'

There is something of the Arabian Nights about the Turkish section of the books. The Orientals did not appreciate Western magic. Sir Henry describes his torpedo experiment. He blew up a vessel, and expected 'great reward' from the Sultan (Aziz), who was in his yacht two miles off. But 'without any sort of signal being made to express appreciation, away went the Imperial yacht at her swiftest speed, and the Sultan landed, never to embark again on board of her, or any other of his yachts.'

NEW TRANSLATIONS

DERENNES, CHARLES. *The Life of the Bat*. Translated from the French by Louise Collier Wilcox. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1924.

FAURE, ÉLIE. *Napoleon*. Translated from the French by Jeffery E. Jeffery. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1924. $3.00.

HALÉVY, ÉLIE. *History of the English People of the Nineteenth Century*. Translated from the French. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1924. Probable price $7.50.

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This Week

Almost everything that happens in the Orient is an outgrowth of the relations between Japan and the United States. Mr. Lokhvitskii asserts that most of the other foreigners are mere supernumeraries and that the time is now ripe for another Boxer Rebellion with more of a punch in it than the first one. Peking is feebly oscillating between Washington and Tokyo, while the wise birds are cocking one eye in the direction of Russia.

* * *

The Riffs are such a hard-boiled nation that Mr. Henry Leach feels moved to rise with a word in behalf of Spain. Contrary to popular belief, the followers of Abd el Krim are neither Moors nor Arabs, but Berbers in whose veins the blood of a race of hardy European adventurers is said to boil. No wonder Primo de Rivera has been having a time of it.

* * *

The Foreign Legionary who describes his experiences fighting the Moors is now in the cooler. His attempt at desertion landed him in jail and he is still there in spite of a pardon from the King of Spain himself. He spends his time reading the papers, drawing pictures on the wall, writing for the *Living Age*, and thanking God that he is rid of all riffraff and Riffs.

* * *

They still have a twenty-four-hour shift in the Ruhr Basin, where families of ten occupy one room as a matter of necessity and leave the windows closed as a matter of choice. There is not much to eat and running water is not always to be had. The only consolation is that times are better than they were last spring.

* * *

As Morley Roberts admits he is no expert on politics, his words carry real weight. He discusses the Central-American situation, in which he sees the hand of the United States asserting its power — an opinion shared by Doctor Inman, of *Atlantic Monthly* fame.

* * *

This issue is indeed seasoned with the spice of cosmopolitan variety — China and the Basques; Russia and the Berbers; Honduras and the Ruhr; and a Swedish story thrown in for good measure.

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To-Day

The November number of Scribner's Magazine is out. And it proves that —

It takes a woman to persuade a woman.

But this is in politics, not love.

The party leaders may "get the boys out," but the women are reluctant about voting under masculine direction.

Sarah Schuyler Butler after a tour of 2800 miles to find out why the women are not voting, came to this conclusion.

Miss Butler is the daughter of President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, and is Chairman of the Republican Women's State Executive Committee of New York.

She toured New York State from end to end. The many and peculiar reasons which she found were keeping the women from voting are especially interesting right at this moment.

"Women Who Do Not Vote" by Miss Butler appears in the November number of Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

A less serious side of the political struggle comes out in "Kids and Campaigns" by Walter Lincoln Whittlesey.

You all remember when you heard the grown-ups talking so seriously and earnestly about the coming election that the defeat of your father's party, when it came, seemed like the beginning of the end. In these days you probably don't worry so much about it, but there is not the rich excitement about it, either.

* * *

Henry S. Pritchett's "A Tale of Two Cities" in the November Scribner's Magazine is the story of a little-known deed of Ben Franklin's which started a contest between Boston and Philadelphia, that still goes on.

Incidentally, it shows that Ben wasn't as shrewd all of the time as he was some of the time.

* * *

History, in the past, has been a great force for war and bloodshed.

By teaching exaggerated patriotism and nationalism it has been an accomplice of Reaction and a teacher of prejudice.

In "The New History — H. G. Wells and Voltaire," Albert Guérard shows how the new conception of history has arisen and how it is concerned more with the future than with the wars and diplomatic battles of the past.

* * *

Ramsay Traquair's "The Coming Commonwealth of the Pacific" belongs to this new school of history and is an example of what Dr. Guérard means.

* * *

Edmund Lester Pearson has written "Temperance Novels," an amusing essay, amusingly illustrated.

* * *

"Rip Van Winkle Goes to the Play" by Brander Matthews tells the impression the new theatre made upon him after an absence of fifteen years.

* * *

And we haven't even mentioned the fiction which the November number of Scribner's Magazine, just published, contains:

A Western story, a circus story, a story of the Philippines — and Galsworthy.

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